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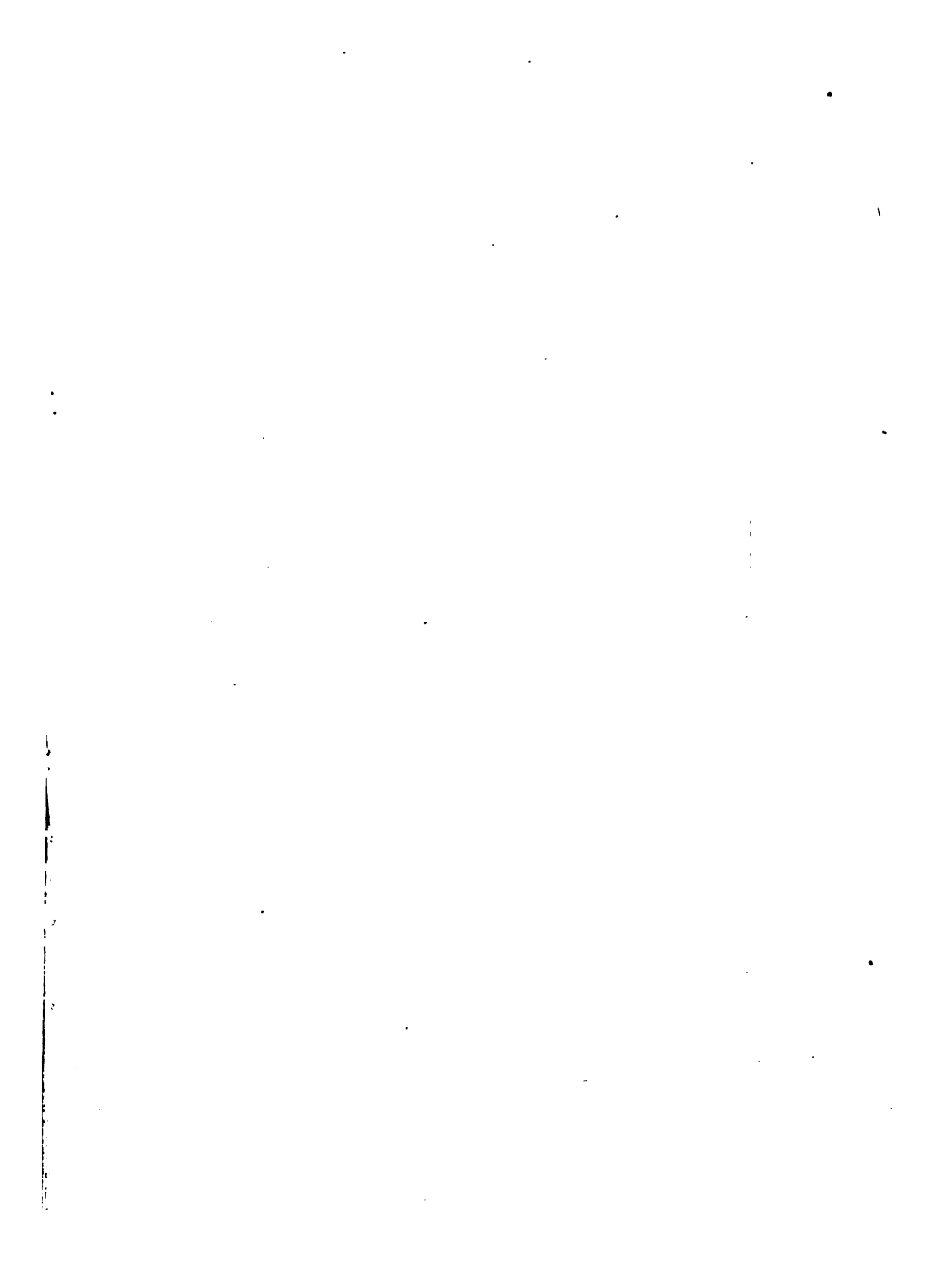
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*R. Waldo Emerson*

THE HOWE READERS BY GRADES

# BOOK EIGHT

BY

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# THE HOWE READERS

## BOOK EIGHT

### HARVEY AND DAN ON THE *WE'RE HERE*

RUDYARD KIPLING

The shadow of the masts and rigging, with the never-furled riding-sail, rolled to and fro on the heaving deck in the moonlight; and the pile of fish by the stern shone like a dump of fluid silver. In the hold there were tramlings and rumblings where Disko Troop and Tom Platt moved among the salt-bins. Dan passed Harvey a pitchfork, and led him to the inboard end of the rough table, where Uncle Salters was drumming impatiently with a knife-haft. A tub of salt water lay at his feet.

"You pitch to dad an' Tom Platt down the hatch, an' take keer Uncle Salters don't cut yer eye out," said Dan, swinging himself into the hold. "I'll pass salt below."

Penn and Manuel stood knee-deep among cod in the pen, flourishing drawn knives. Long Jack, a basket at his feet and mittens on his hands, faced Uncle Salters at the table, and Harvey stared at the pitchfork and the tub.

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"Hi!" shouted Manuel, stooping to the fish, and bringing one up with a finger under its gill and a finger in its eye. He laid it on the edge of the pen; the knife-blade glimmered with a sound of tearing, and the fish, slit from throat to vent, with a nick on either side of the neck, dropped at Long Jack's feet.

"Hi!" said Long Jack, with a scoop of his mittened hand. The cod's liver dropped in the basket. Another wrench and scoop sent the head and offal flying, and the empty fish slid across to Uncle Salters, who snorted fiercely. There was another sound of tearing, the backbone flew over the bulwarks, and the fish, headless, gutted, and open, splashed in the tub, sending the salt water into Harvey's astonished mouth. After the first yell, the men were silent. The cod moved along as though they were alive, and long ere Harvey had ceased wondering at the miraculous dexterity of it all, his tub was full.

"Pitch!" grunted Uncle Salters, without turning his head, and Harvey pitched the fish by twos and threes down the hatch.

"Hi! Pitch 'em bunchy," shouted Dan. "Don't scatter! Uncle Salters is the best splitter in the fleet. Watch him mind his book!"

Indeed, it looked a little as though the round uncle were cutting magazine pages against time. Manuel's

body, cramped over from the hips, stayed like a statue; but his long arms grabbed the fish without ceasing. Little Penn toiled valiantly, but it was easy to see he was weak. Once or twice Manuel found time to help him without breaking the chain of supplies, and once Manuel howled because he had caught his finger in a Frenchman's hook. These hooks are made of soft metal, to be rebent after use; but the cod very often get away from them and are hooked again elsewhere; and that is one of the many reasons why the Gloucester boats despise the Frenchmen.

Down below, the rasping sound of rough salt rubbed on rough flesh sounded like the whirring of a grindstone—a steady undertune to the “clicknick” of the knives in the pen; the wrench and schloop of torn heads, dropped liver, and flying offal; the “caraaah” of Uncle Salter's knife scooping away backbones; and the flap of wet, opened bodies falling into the tub.

At the end of an hour Harvey would have given the world to rest; for fresh, wet cod weigh more than you would think, and his back ached with the steady pitching. But he felt for the first time in his life that he was one of a working gang of men, took pride in the thought, and held on sullenly.

“Knife oh!” shouted Uncle Salters, at last. Penn doubled up, gasping among the fish, Manuel bowed back

and forth to supple himself, and Long Jack leaned over the bulwarks. The cook appeared, noiseless as a black shadow, collected a mass of backbones and heads, and retreated.

"Blood-ends for breakfast an' head-chowder," said Long Jack, smacking his lips.

"Knife oh!" repeated Uncle Salters, waving the flat, curved splitter's weapon.

"Look by your foot, Harve," cried Dan, below. Harvey saw half a dozen knives stuck in a cleat in the hatch combing. He dealt these around, taking over the dulled ones.

"Water!" said Disko Troop.

"Scuttle-butt's for'ard, an' the dipper's alongside. Hurry, Harve," said Dan.

He was back in a minute with a big dipperful of stale brown water which tasted like nectar, and loosed the jaws of Disko and Tom Platt.

"These are cod," said Disko. "They ain't Damarskus figs, Tom Platt, nor yet silver bars. I've told you that every single time sence we've sailed together."

"A matter o' seven seasons," returned Tom Platt, coolly. "Good stowin's good stowin' all the same, an' there's a right an' a wrong way o' stowin' ballast even. If you'd ever seen four hundred ton o' iron set into the——"



"Hi!" With a yell from Manuel the work began again, and never stopped till the pen was empty. The instant the last fish was down, Disko Troop rolled aft to the cabin with his brother; Manuel and Long Jack went forward; Tom Platt only waited long enough to slide home the hatch ere he too disappeared. In half a minute Harvey heard deep snores in the cabin, and he was staring blankly at Dan and Penn.

"I did a little better that time, Danny," said Penn, whose eyelids were heavy with sleep. "But I think it is my duty to help clean."

"Wouldn't hev your conscience for a thousand quintal," said Dan. "Turn in, Penn. You've no call to do boy's work. Draw a bucket, Harvey. Oh, Penn, dump these in the gurry-butt 'fore you sleep. Kin you keep awake that long?"

Penn took up the heavy basket of fish-livers, emptied them into a cask with a hinged top lashed by the fo'c's'le; then he too dropped out of sight in the cabin.

"Boys clean up after dressin' down, an' first watch in ca'am weather is boy's watch on the *We're Here*." Dan sluiced the pen energetically, unshipped the table, set it up to dry in the moonlight, ran the red knife-blades through a wad of oakum, and began to sharpen them on a tiny grindstone, as Harvey threw offal and backbones overboard under his direction.

At the first splash a silvery-white ghost rose bolt upright from the oily water and sighed a weird whistling sigh. Harvey started back with a shout, but Dan only laughed. "Grampus," said he. "Beggin' fer fish-heads. They up-eend thet way when they're hungry. Breath on him like the doleful tombs, hain't he?" A horrible stench of decayed fish filled the air as the pillar of white sank, and the water bubbled oilily. "Hain't ye never seen a grampus up-eend before? You'll see 'em by hundreds 'fore ye're through. Say, it's good to hev a boy aboard again. Otto was too old, an' a Dutchy at that. Him an' me we fought consid'ble. Wouldn't ha' keered fer thet ef he'd hed a Christian tongue in his head. Sleepy?"

"Dead sleepy," said Harvey, nodding forward.

"Mustn't sleep on watch. Rouse up an' see ef our anchor-light's bright an' shinin'. You're on watch now, Harve."

"Pshaw! What's to hurt us? Bright's day. Sn—orr!"

"Jest when things happen, dad says. Fine weather's good sleepin', an' 'fore you know, mebbe, you're cut in two by a liner, an' seventeen brass-bound officers, all gen'elmen, lift their hand to it that your lights was aout an' there was a thick fog. Harve, I've kinder took to you, but ef you nod onct more I'll lay into you with a rope's end."

The moon, who sees many strange things on the Banks, looked down on a slim youth in knickerbockers and a red jersey, staggering around the cluttered decks of a seventy-ton schooner, while behind him, waving a knotted rope, walked, after the manner of an executioner, a boy who yawned and nodded between the blows he dealt.

The lashed wheel groaned and kicked softly, the riding-sail slatted a little in the shifts of the light wind, the windlass creaked, and the miserable procession continued. Harvey expostulated, threatened, whimpered, and at last wept outright, while Dan, the words clotting on his tongue, spoke of the beauty of watchfulness, and slashed away with the rope's end, punishing the dories as often as he hit Harvey. At last the clock in the cabin struck ten, and upon the tenth stroke little Penn crept on deck. He found two boys in two tumbled heaps side by side on the main-hatch, so deeply asleep that he actually rolled them to their berths.



## FAIR PLAY

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

It is especially necessary for us to perceive the vital relation of individual courage and character to the common welfare because ours is a government of public opinion, and public opinion is but the aggregate of individual thought. We have the awful responsibility as a community of doing what we choose; and it is of the last importance that we choose to do what is wise and right. In the early days of the anti-slavery agitation a meeting was called at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, which a good-natured mob of soldiers was hired to suppress.

They took possession of the floor and danced breakdowns and shouted choruses and refused to hear any of the orators upon the platform. The most eloquent pleaded with them in vain. They were urged by the memories of the Cradle of Liberty, for the honor of Massachusetts, for their own honor as Boston boys, to respect liberty of speech. But they still laughed and sang and danced, and were proof against every appeal. At last a man arose suddenly from among themselves, and began to speak. Struck by his tone and quaint appearance, and with the thought that he might be one of themselves, the mob became suddenly still.

"Well, fellow-citizens," he said, "I wouldn't be quiet if I didn't want to." The words were greeted with a roar of delight from the mob, which supposed it had found its champion, and the applause was unceasing for five minutes, during which the strange orator tranquilly awaited his chance to continue. The wish to hear more hushed the tumult, and when the hall was still he resumed: "No, I certainly wouldn't stop if I hadn't a mind to; but then, if I were you, I *would* have a mind to!" The oddity of the remark and the earnestness of the tone held the crowd silent, and the speaker continued, "Not because this is Faneuil Hall, nor for the honor of Massachusetts, nor because you are Boston boys, but because you are men, and because honorable and generous men always love fair play."

The mob was conquered. Free speech and fair play were secured. Public opinion can do what it has a mind to in this country. If it be debased and demoralized, it is the most odious of tyrants. It is Nero and Caligula multiplied by millions. Can there then be a more stringent public duty for every man—and the greater the intelligence the greater the duty—than to take care, by all the influence he can command, that the country, the majority, public opinion, shall have a mind to do only what is just and pure and humane?

---

## THE SCHOOLMASTER

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little school.  
A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew;  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face;  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.  
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault;  
The village all declared how much he knew:  
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And even the story ran that he could gauge;  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
For, even though vanquished, he could argue still;  
While words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

## FOR LOVE OF A MAN

JACK LONDON

That winter, at Dawson, Buck performed another exploit, not so heroic, perhaps, but one that put his name many notches higher on the totem-pole of Alaskan fame. This exploit was particularly gratifying to the three men; for they stood in need of the outfit which it furnished, and were enabled to make a long-desired trip into the virgin East, where miners had not yet appeared. It was brought about by a conversation in which men waxed boastful of their favorite dogs. Buck, because of his record, was the target for these men, and Thornton was driven stoutly to defend him. At the end of half an hour one man stated that his dog could start a sled with five hundred pounds and walk off with it; a second bragged six hundred for his dog; and a third, seven hundred.

"Pooh! pooh!" said John Thornton; "Buck can start a thousand pounds."

"And break it out? and walk off with it for a hundred yards?" demanded Matthewson, a Bonanza King, he of the seven hundred vaunt.

"And break it out, and walk off with it for a hundred yards," John Thornton said coolly.

Nobody spoke. He could feel a flush of warm blood creeping up his face. His tongue had tricked him. He did not know whether Buck could start a thousand pounds. Half a ton! The enormousness of it appalled him. He had great faith in Buck's strength and had often thought him capable of starting such a load; but never, as now, had he faced the possibility of it, the eyes of a dozen men fixed upon him, silent and waiting.

"I've got a sled standing outside now, with twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour on it," Matthewson went on with brutal directness; "so don't let that hinder you."

Thornton did not reply. He did not know what to say. He glanced from face to face in the absent way of a man who has lost the power of thought and is seeking somewhere to find a thing that will start it going again. The face of Jim O'Brien, a Mastodon King and old-time comrade, caught his eyes. It was as a cue to him, seeming to rouse him to do what he would never have dreamed of doing.

Several hundred men, furred and mittened, banked around the sled within easy distance. Matthewson's sled, loaded with a thousand pounds of flour, had been standing for a couple of hours, and in the intense cold—it was sixty below zero—the runners had frozen fast to

the hard-packed snow. Men offered odds of two to one that Buck could not budge the sled. A quibble arose concerning the phrase "break out." O'Brien contended it was Thornton's privilege to knock the runners loose, leaving Buck to "break it out" from a dead standstill. Matthewson insisted that the phrase included breaking the runners from the frozen grip of the snow. A majority of the men decided in his favor. Not a man believed him capable of the feat; now that he looked at the sled itself, the concrete fact, with the regular team of ten dogs curled up in the snow before it, the more impossible the task appeared. Matthewson waxed jubilant.

Thornton's doubt was strong in his face, but his fighting spirit was aroused—the fighting spirit that soars above odds, fails to recognize the impossible, and is deaf to all save the clamor for battle.

The team of ten dogs was unhitched, and Buck, with his own harness, was put into the sled. He had caught the contagion of the excitement, and he felt that in some way he must do a great thing for John Thornton. Murmurs of admiration at his splendid appearance went up. He was in perfect condition, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and the one hundred and fifty pounds that he weighed were so many pounds of grit and virility. His furry coat shone with the sheen of silk. Down the neck and across the shoulders, his mane, in repose as it

was, half bristled and seemed to lift with every movement, as though excess of vigor made each particular hair alive and active. The great breast and heavy fore legs were no more than in proportion with the rest of the body, where the muscles showed in tight rolls underneath the skin. Men felt these muscles and proclaimed them hard as iron, and the odds went down to two to one.

"I offer you eight hundred for him, sir, before the test," stuttered a member of the latest dynasty, a king of the Skookum Benches; "eight hundred just as he stands."

Thornton shook his head and stepped to Buck's side.

"You must stand off from him," Matthewson protested. "Free play and plenty of room."

The crowd fell silent; only could be heard the voices vainly offering two to one. Everybody acknowledged Buck a magnificent animal, but twenty fifty-pound sacks of flour bulked too large in their eyes for them to loosen their pouch-strings.

Thornton knelt down by Buck's side. He took his head in his two hands and rested cheek on cheek. He did not playfully shake him, as was his wont, or murmur soft love caresses; but he whispered in his ear. "As you love me, Buck. As you love me," was what he whispered. Buck whined with suppressed eagerness.

The crowd was watching curiously. The affair was

growing mysterious. It seemed like a conjuration. As Thornton got to his feet, Buck seized his mittened hand between his jaws, pressing in with his teeth and releasing slowly, half-reluctantly. It was the answer, in terms, not of speech, but of love. Thornton stepped well back.

"Now, Buck," he said.

Buck tightened the traces, then slacked them for a matter of several inches. It was the way he had learned.

"Gee!" Thornton's voice rang out, sharp in the tense silence.

Buck swung to the right, ending the movement in a plunge that took up the slack and with a sudden jerk arrested his one hundred and fifty pounds. The load quivered, and from under the runners arose a crisp crackling.

"Haw!" Thornton commanded.

Buck duplicated the maneuver, this time to the left. The crackling turned into a snapping, the sled pivoting and the runners slipping and grating several inches to the side. The sled was broken out. Men were holding their breaths, intensely unconscious of the fact.

"Now, MUSH!"

Thornton's command cracked out like a pistol-shot. Buck threw himself forward, tightening the traces with a jarring lunge. His whole body was gathered com-



pactly together in the tremendous effort, the muscles writhing and knotting like live things under the silky fur. His great chest was low to the ground, his head forward and down, while his feet were flying like mad, the claws scarring the hard-packed snow in parallel grooves. The sled swayed and trembled, half-started forward. One of his feet slipped, and one man groaned aloud. Then the sled lurched ahead in what appeared a rapid succession of jerks, though it never really came to a dead stop again . . . half an inch . . . an inch . . . two inches . . . The jerks perceptibly diminished; as the sled gained momentum, he caught them up, till it was moving steadily along.

Men gasped and began to breathe again, unaware that for a moment they had ceased to breathe. Thornton was running behind, encouraging Buck with short, cheery words. The distance had been measured off, and as he neared the pile of firewood which marked the end of the hundred yards, a cheer began to grow and grow, which burst into a roar as he passed the firewood and halted at command. Every man was tearing himself loose, even Matthewson. Hats and mittens were flying in the air. Men were shaking hands, it did not matter with whom, and bubbling over in a general incoherent babel.

But Thornton fell on his knees beside Buck. Head was against head, and he was shaking him back and forth.

"I'll give you a thousand for him, sir," spluttered the Skookum Bench King; "a thousand, sir—twelve hundred, sir."

Thornton rose to his feet. His eyes were wet. The tears were streaming frankly down his cheeks. "Sir," he said to the Skookum Bench King, "no, sir. It's the best that I can do for you, sir."

Buck seized Thornton's hand in his teeth. Thornton shook him back and forth. As though animated by a common impulse, the onlookers drew back to a respectful distance; nor were they again indiscreet enough to interrupt.

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## THE EAGLE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

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## THE FIGHT WITH THE WINDMILLS

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

Don Quixote earnestly solicited one of his neighbors, a country laborer, and a good honest fellow, if we may call a poor man honest, for he was poor indeed, poor in purse, and poor in his brains ; and, in short, the knight talked so long to him, plied him with so many arguments, and made him so many fair promises, that at last the poor clown consented to go along with him and become his squire.

Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don Quixote forgot not to tell him that it was likely such an adventure would present itself as might secure him the conquest of some island in the time that he might be picking up a straw or two, and then the squire might promise himself to be made governor of the place. Allured with these large promises and many

others, Sancho Panza (for that was the name of the fellow) forsook his wife and children to be his neighbor's squire.

This done, Don Quixote made it his business to furnish himself with money ; to which purpose, selling one house, mortgaging another, and losing by all, he at last got a pretty good sum together. He also borrowed a target of a friend, and having patched up his headpiece and beaver as well as he could, he gave his squire notice of the day and hour when he intended to set out, that he might furnish himself with what he thought necessary. Above all, he charged him to provide himself with a wallet ; which Sancho promised to do, telling him he would also take his ass along with him, which, being a very good one, might be a great ease to him, for he was not used to travel much afoot.

The mentioning of the ass made the noble knight pause awhile ; he mused and pondered whether he had ever read of any knight-errant whose squire used to ride upon an ass ; but he could not remember any precedent for it ; however, he gave him leave at last to bring his ass, hoping to mount him more honorably with the first opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous knight he should meet.

He also furnished himself with shirts and as many other necessities as he could conveniently carry, accord-

ing to the innkeeper's injunctions. Which being done, Sancho Panza, without bidding either his wife or children good-by, and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his housekeeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, not so much as suspected by anybody, and made such haste that by break of day they thought themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued.

As for Sancho Panza, he rode like a patriarch, with his canvas knapsack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle, having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island which his master had promised him.

Don Quixote happened to strike into the same road which he took the time before, that is, the plains of Monteuil, over which he travelled with less inconveniency than when he went alone, by reason it was yet early in the morning, at which time the rays of the sun, striking obliquely upon them, did not prove so offensive.

As they jogged on, "I beseech your worship, Sir Knight-errant," quoth Sancho to his master, "be sure you don't forget what you promised me about the island; for I dare say I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big."

"You must know, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it has been the constant practice of knights-errant in former ages to make their squires

governors of the islands or kingdoms they have conquered. Now I am not only resolved to keep up that laudable custom, but even to improve it, and outdo my predecessors in generosity; for whereas sometimes, or rather most commonly, other knights delayed rewarding their squires till they were grown old, and worn out with services, bad days, worse nights, and all manner of hard duty, and then put them off with some title, either of count, or at least marquis of some valley or province, of great or small extent.

“Now, if thou and I do but live, it may happen that before we have passed six days together I may conquer some kingdom, having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown; and this would fall out most luckily for thee; for then would I presently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter; for so strange accidents and revolutions, so sudden and so unforeseen, attend the profession of chivalry, that I might easily give thee a great deal more than I have promised.”

“Why, should this come to pass,” quoth Sancho Panza, “and I be made a king by some such miracle, as your worship says, then Joan Guthierez (my mis’ess) would be at least a queen, and my children infantas.”

“Who doubts of that?”

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some

thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished: look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils; for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long extended arms; some of that detested race have arms so immense in size, that sometimes they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho; "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills, and the arms you fancy, are their sails, which being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go."

"'Tis a sign," cried Don Quixote, "thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all."

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills, and

no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them; far from that: "Stand, cowards," cried he, as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all!"

At the same time, the wind rising, the mill sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants," cried he, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance."

He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field.

Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow had he and Rozinante received.

"Mercy o' me!" cried Sancho, "did not I give your



worship fair warning? Did I not tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded that necromancer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills to deprive me of the honor of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me; but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword."

"Amen, say I," replied Sancho.

And so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half shoulder-slipped with his fall.

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The busy world shoves angrily aside  
 The man who stands with arms akimbo set,  
 Until occasion tells him what to do;  
 And he who waits to have his task marked out  
 Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

—J. R. LOWELL.

## THE ROOT OF COURAGE

HAMILTON W. MABIE

There is no real courage unless there is real perception of danger. The man who does not comprehend the perils which surround him, and is therefore calm and collected, is not courageous; he is simply ignorant.

And, in like manner, the unimaginative man, who has no consciousness of danger until he looks straight into its eye, is not courageous; he is dull and sluggish. The highest courage is manifested only by the man who knows what he faces and fully realizes it. To sail over mines of which the ship's master has no knowledge involves no intrepidity; to be able to locate every mine in the channel, and then to pass calmly over, shows the pluck and dash which stir the admiration of the world.

The boy of sluggish temper finds nothing in the blackness of the woods after nightfall, and goes on his way in easy indifference; the boy of quick imagination faces an invisible company of strange creatures, and his quick advance into the mysterious gloom means a victory over himself.

From "The Life of the Spirit," by Hamilton W. Mabie. Copyright 1899 by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. Used by permission.

The finer the organization, the clearer the perception of danger and the greater the courage required to face it. The real hero is not the man who is insensible to peril, but he who overcomes a quick sensitiveness to its presence.

Some of the bravest spirits the world has known have shown every evidence of that shrinking of the body which we call fear; but they vanquished the hesitation of the nerves by the decision of the spirit.

To feel keenly the perils of life is not to be cowardly; it is to have adequate knowledge and sensitiveness of mind. The man who does his daily work without thought of the great natural forces which hold him in their grasp, of the grave possibilities of calamity which are never absent from society, of the countless dangers that beset the individual life, may be faithful and honest, but cannot be heroic; for the hero is the man who looks all these perils in the face, and goes quietly on his way to his journey's end.

No man can live in this world with an open mind and an active imagination without constant perception of many kinds of danger; and the more such a man knows and the greater his ability to realize the existence of things which are invisible becomes, the keener will be his perception of the possibilities of risk and loss.

The unsensitive man lives without fear because he

sees no peril in his situation; the sensitive man who is also courageous lives without fear because he sends his thought through all the possibilities of danger to the ultimate safety.

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## BILLOWS

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

Gently, with sweet commotion,  
Sweeping the shore,  
Billows that break from ocean,  
Rush to our feet;  
Slaves that, with fond devotion,  
Prone to adore,  
Seek not to stint with measure,  
Service that's meet;—  
Bearing their liquid treasure,  
Flinging it round,  
Shouting the while the pleasure  
True service knows,  
Then, as if blessed with leisure,  
Flung on the yellow ground,  
Taking repose.

## THE TENT SCENE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Cassius.* That you have wronged me doth appear in  
this :

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein, my letters (praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man) were slighted off.

*Brutus.* You wronged yourself, to write in such a  
case.

*Cas.* At such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm?  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honors this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement?



*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember!  
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
 What villain touched his body, that did stab,  
 And not for justice? — What! shall one of us,  
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
 But for supporting robbers; — shall we now  
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
 And sell the mighty space of our large honors  
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus? —  
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
 Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me:  
 I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
 To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,  
 Older in practice, abler than yourself  
 To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to! you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more: I shall forget myself:  
 Have mind upon your health: tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible!

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
 Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

*Cas.* Must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break.

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humor?  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;  
I said an elder soldier, not a better:  
Did I say better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not!

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What! Durst not tempt him?



*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am armed so strong in honesty,  
That they pass me by as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:—  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions;  
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not: he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my  
heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practice them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius:  
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;  
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;  
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,  
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from my eyes! — There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth:  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better  
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger.  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:  
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,  
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humor which my mother gave me,  
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Greatly begin! though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime,—  
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

—J. R. LOWELL.

## HOW BEECHER CONQUERED HIS AUDIENCE

HENRY WARD BEECHER

I went to my hotel, and when the day came on which I was to make my first speech, I struck out the notes of my speech in the morning; and then came up a kind of horror—"I don't know whether I can do anything with an English audience—I have never had any experience with an English audience. My American ways, which are all well enough with Americans, may utterly fail here, and a failure in the cause of my country now and here is horrible beyond conception to me!" I think I never went through such a struggle of darkness and suffering in all my life as I did that afternoon. It was about the going down of the sun that God brought me to that state in which I said, "Thy will be done. I am willing to be annihilated; I am willing to fail if the Lord wants me to." I gave it all up into the hands of God, and rose up in a state of peace and serenity simply unspeakable, and when the coach came to take me down to Manchester Hall I felt no disturbance nor dreamed of anything but success.

We reached the hall. The crowd was already begin-

ning to be tumultuous, and I recollect thinking to myself as I stood there looking at them, "I will control you! I came here for victory, and I will have it, by the help of God!" Well, I was introduced, and I must confess that the things that I had done and suffered in my own country, according to what the chairman who introduced me said, amazed me. The speaker was very English on the subject, and I learned that I belonged to an heroic band, and all that sort of thing, with Abolitionism mixed in, and so on. By the way, I think it was there that I was introduced as the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher Stowe. But as soon as I began to speak the great audience began to show its teeth, and I had not gone on fifteen minutes before an unparalleled scene of confusion and interruption occurred.

No American that has not seen an English mob can form any conception of one. I have seen all sorts of camp meetings and experienced all kinds of public speaking on the stump; I have seen the most disturbed meetings in New York City, and they were all of them as twilight to midnight compared with an English hostile audience. For in England the meeting does not belong to the parties that call it, but to whoever chooses to go; and if they can take it out of your hands, it is considered fair play. This meeting had a very large multitude of men in it who came there for the purpose of de-

stroying the meeting and carrying it the other way when it came to a vote.

I took the measure of the audience and said to myself, "About one-fourth of this audience are opposed to me, and about one-fourth will be rather in sympathy; and my business now is, not to appeal to that portion that is opposed to me nor to those that are already on my side, but to bring over the middle section." How to do this was a problem. The question was, who could hold out longest. There were five or six storm-centres, boiling and whirling at the same time: here some one pounding on a group with his umbrella and shouting, "Sit down there"; over yonder a row between two or three combatants; somewhere else a group all yelling together at the top of their voices. It was like talking to a storm at sea. But there were the newspaper reporters just in front, and I said to them, "Now, gentlemen, be kind enough to take down what I say. It will be in sections, but I will have it connected by and by." I threw my notes away, and entered on a discussion of the value of freedom as opposed to slavery in the manufacturing interest, arguing that freedom everywhere increases a man's necessities, and what he needs he buys, and that it was, therefore, to the interest of the manufacturing community to stand by the side of labor through the country.

I never was more self-possessed and never in more

perfect good temper, and I never was more determined that my hearers should feel the curb before I got through with them. The uproar would come in on this side and on that, and they would put insulting questions and make all sorts of calls to me, and I would wait until the noise had subsided, and then get in about five minutes of talk. The reporters would get that down, and then up would come another noise.

Occasionally I would see things that amused me and would laugh outright, and the crowd would stop to see what I was laughing at. Then I would sail in again with a sentence or two. A good many times the crowd threw up questions which I caught at and answered back. I may as well put in here one thing that amused me hugely. There were baize doors opened both ways into side alleys, and there was a huge, burly Englishman standing right in front of one of those doors and roaring like a bull of Bashan; one of the policemen swung his elbow around and knocked him through the doorway, so that the last part of the bawl was outside in the alley-way; it struck me so ludicrously to think how the fellow must have looked when he found himself "holler-ing" outside that I could not refrain from laughing outright. The audience immediately stopped its uproars, wondering what I was laughing at, and that gave me another chance, and I caught it. So we kept on for

about an hour and a half before they got so far calmed down that I could go on peaceably with my speech. They liked the pluck. Englishmen like a man that can stand on his feet and give and take; and so for the last hour I had pretty clear sailing.

The next morning every great paper in England had the whole speech. I think it was the design of the men there to break me down on that speech, by fair means or foul, feeling that if they could do that it would be trumpeted all over the land. I said to them then and there, "Gentlemen, you may break me down now, but I have registered a vow that I will never return home until I have been heard in every country and principal town in the Kingdom of Great Britain. I am not going to be broken down nor put down. I am going to be heard, and my country shall be vindicated."

Nobody knows better than I do what it is to feel that every interest that touches the heart of a Christian man and a patriotic man and a lover of liberty is being assailed wantonly, to stand between one nation and your own, and to feel that you are in a situation in which your country rises or falls with you. And God was behind it all; I felt it and knew it; and when I got through and the vote was called off, you would have thought it was a tropical thunderstorm that swept through that hall as the ayes were thundered, while the noes were an insig-



nificant and contemptible minority. It had all gone on our side, and such enthusiasm I never saw. I think it was there that, when I started to go down into the rooms below to get an exit, a big, burly Englishman in the gallery wanted to shake hands with me, and I could not reach him, and he called out, "Shake my umbrella!" and he reached it over; I shook it, and as I did so he shouted, "By Jock! Nobody shall touch *that* umbrella again!"

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## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

We have met here to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the two greatest Americans; of one of the two or three greatest men of the nineteenth century; of one of the greatest men in the world's history. This rail-splitter, this boy who passed his ungainly youth in the dire poverty of the poorest of the frontier folk, whose rise was by weary and painful labor, lived to lead his people through the burning flames of a struggle from which the nation emerged, purified as by fire, born anew to a loftier life.

After long years of iron effort, and of failure that came more often than victory, he at last rose to the leader-

ship of the Republic, at the moment when that leadership had become the stupendous world-task of the time. He grew to know greatness, but never ease. Success came to him, but never happiness, save that which springs from doing well a painful and a vital task. Power was his, but not pleasure. The furrows deepened on his brow, but his eyes were undimmed by either hate or fear. His gaunt shoulders were bowed, but his steel thews never faltered as he bore for a burden the destinies of his people. His great and tender heart shrank from giving pain; and the task allotted him was to pour out like water the life-blood of the young men, and to feel in his every fibre the sorrow of the women. Disaster saddened but never dismayed him.

As the red years of war went by they found him ever doing his duty in the present, ever facing the future with fearless front, high of heart, and dauntless of soul. Unbroken by hatred, unshaken by scorn, he worked and suffered for the people. Triumph was his at the last; and barely had he tasted it before murder found him, and the kindly, patient, fearless eyes were closed forever.

As a people we are indeed beyond measure fortunate in the characters of the two greatest of our public men, Washington and Lincoln. Widely though they differed in externals, the Virginia landed gentleman and the Ken-

tucky backwoodsman, they were alike in essentials, they were alike in the great qualities which made each able to do service to his nation and to all mankind such as no other man of his generation could or did render. Each had lofty ideals, but each in striving to attain these lofty ideals was guided by the soundest common sense. Each possessed inflexible courage in adversity, and a soul wholly unspoiled by prosperity. Each possessed all the gentler virtues commonly exhibited by good men who lack rugged strength of character. Each possessed also all the strong qualities commonly exhibited by those towering masters of mankind who have too often shown themselves devoid of so much as the understanding of the words by which we signify the qualities of duty, of mercy, of devotion to the right, of lofty disinterestedness in battling for the good of others.

There have been other men as great and other men as good; but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great. Widely though the problems of to-day differ from the problems set for solution to Washington when he founded this nation, to Lincoln when he saved it and freed the slave, yet the qualities they showed in meeting these problems are exactly the same as those we should show in doing our work to-day.

Lincoln saw into the future with the prophetic imagi-

nation usually vouchsafed only to the poet and the seer. He had in him all the lift toward greatness of the visionary, without any of the visionary's fanaticism or egotism, without any of the visionary's narrow jealousy of the practical man and inability to strive in practical fashion for the realization of an ideal. He had the practical man's hard common sense and willingness to adapt means to ends; but there was in him none of that morbid growth of mind and soul which blinds so many practical men to the higher aims of life. No more practical man ever lived than this homely backwoods idealist; but he had nothing in common with those practical men whose consciences are warped until they fail to distinguish between good and evil, fail to understand that strength, ability, shrewdness, whether in the world of business or of politics, only serve to make their possessor a more noxious, a more evil, member of the community if they are not guided and controlled by a fine and high moral sense.

We of this day must try to solve many social and industrial problems, requiring to an especial degree the combination of indomitable resolution with cool-headed sanity. We can profit by the way in which Lincoln used both these traits as he strove for reform. We can learn much of value from the very attacks which following that course brought upon his head, attacks alike by

the extremists of revolution and by the extremists of reaction. He never wavered in devotion to his principles, in his love for the Union, and in his abhorrence of slavery. Timid and lukewarm people were always denouncing him because he was too extreme; but as a matter of fact he never went to extremes, he worked step by step; and because of this the extremists hated and denounced him with a fervor which now seems to us fantastic in its deification of the unreal and the impossible. At the very time when one side was holding him up as the apostle of social revolution because he was against slavery, the leading abolitionist denounced him as the "slave hound of Illinois." When he was the second time candidate for President, the majority of his opponents attacked him because of what they termed his extreme radicalism, while a minority threatened to bolt his nomination because he was not radical enough. He had continually to check those who wished to go forward too fast, at the very time that he overrode the opposition of those who wished not to go forward at all. The goal was never dim before his vision; but he picked his way cautiously, without either halt or hurry, as he strode toward it, through such a morass of difficulty that no man of less courage would have attempted it, while it would surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene.

Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the America of to-day and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which Lincoln could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed. In the hour of a triumph that would have turned any weaker man's head, in the heat of a struggle which spurred many a good man to dreadful vindictiveness, he said truthfully that so long as he had been in his office he had never willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom, and besought his supporters to study the incidents of the trial through which they were passing as philosophy from which to learn wisdom and not as wrongs to be avenged; ending with the solemn exhortation that, as the strife was over, all should reunite in a common effort to save their common country.

He lived in days that were great and terrible, when brother fought against brother for what each sincerely deemed to be the right. In a contest so grim the strong men who alone can carry it through are rarely able to do justice to the deep convictions of those with whom they grapple in mortal strife. At such times men see through a glass darkly; to only the rarest and loftiest spirits is vouchsafed that clear vision which gradually comes to all, even the lesser, as the struggle fades into distance,

and wounds are forgotten, and peace creeps back to the hearts that were hurt.

But to Lincoln was given this supreme vision. He did not hate the man from whom he differed. Weakness was as foreign as wickedness to his strong, gentle nature; but his courage was of a quality so high that it needed no bolstering of dark passion. He saw clearly that the same high qualities, the same courage, and willingness for self-sacrifice, and devotion to the right as it was given them to see the right, belonged both to the men of the North and to the men of the South. As the years roll by, and as all of us, wherever we dwell, grow to feel an equal pride in the valor and self-devotion, alike of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray, so this whole nation will grow to feel a peculiar sense of pride in the man whose blood was shed for the union of his people and for the freedom of a race; the lover of his country and of all mankind; the mightiest of the mighty men who mastered the mighty days, Abraham Lincoln.

## THE TYPICAL AMERICAN

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

It has been said that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of colonist Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace, of this republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American; and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government; charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering, that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty.



## THE POSTMAN

WILLIAM COWPER

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn! O'er yonder bridge,  
That with its wearisome but needful length  
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon  
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright,  
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,  
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks,  
News from all nations lumbering at his back.  
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,  
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern  
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,  
And having dropped the expected bag — pass on.  
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,  
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief  
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,  
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.  
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,  
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet  
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks  
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,  
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,  
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect  
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.  
But oh, the important budget! ushered in.  
With such heart-shaking music, who can say  
What are its tidings?

## THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

I went to Washington the other day, and I stood on the Capitol Hill; my heart beat quick as I looked at the towering marble of my country's Capitol and the mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, and the armies and the treasury, and the judges and the President, and the Congress and the courts, and all that was gathered there. And I felt the sun in all its course could not look down on a better sight than that majestic home of a republic that had taught the world its best lessons of liberty. And I felt that if honor and wisdom and justice abided therein, the world would at last owe that great house in which the ark of the covenant of my country is lodged, its final uplifting and its regeneration.

Two days afterward, I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with big trees, encircled in meadow and field rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of the pink and hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the

aroma of the orchard and of the gardens, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees.

Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort. There was the old clock that had welcomed, in steady measure, every newcomer to the family, that had ticked the solemn requiem of the dead, and had kept company with the watcher at the bedside. There were the big, restful beds and the open fireplace, and the old family Bible, thumbed with the fingers of hands long since still, and wet with the tears of eyes long since closed, beholding the simple annals of the family and the heart and the conscience of the home.

Outside, there stood my friend, the master, a simple, upright man, with no mortgage on his roof, no lien on his growing crops, master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, but happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home, the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulder, laying there the unspeakable blessing of the honored and grateful father and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment.

And as they reached the door the old mother came with the sunset falling fair on her face, and lighting up her deep patient eyes, while her lips, trembling with the rich music of her heart, bade her husband

and son welcome to their home. Beyond was the housewife, busy with her household cares, clean of heart and conscience, the buckler and helpmeet of her husband. Down the lane came the children, trooping home after the cows, seeking as truant birds do the quiet of their home nest.

And I saw the night come down on that house, falling gently as the wings of the unseen dove. And the old man—while a startled bird called from the forest, and the trees were shrill with the cricket's cry, and the stars were swarming in the sky—got the family around him, and, taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, the little baby hiding in the folds of its mother's dress, while he closed the record of that simple day by calling God's benediction on that family and on that home. And while I gazed, the vision of the marble Capitol faded. Forgotten were its treasures and its majesty, and I said, "Oh, surely here in the homes of the people are lodged at last the strength and the responsibility of this government, the hope and the promise of this republic."

## A DAY WITH SIR ROGER

JOSEPH ADDISON

My worthy friend, Sir Roger, is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood.

I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which, my friend, Sir Roger, acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down his dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor

if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

“The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for ‘taking the law’ of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution.”

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole: when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-a-One, if he pleased, might “take the law of him” for fishing in that part of the river. My friend, Sir Roger, heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that “much might be said on both sides.” They were neither

of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was set before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, "that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit."

I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend, Sir Roger, was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people, that Sir Roger "was up." The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.





I was highly delighted when the court rose to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honor to his old master, had, some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter.

As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered by a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter

by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head.

I should not have known this story, had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honor's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room.

I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, "that much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behavior to them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

## THE THRILLING MOMENT

HENRY VAN DYKE

Every moment of life, I suppose, is more or less of a turning-point. Opportunities are swarming around us all the time thicker than gnats at sundown. We walk through a cloud of chances, and if we were always conscious of them they would worry us almost to death. Only now and then, by way of special excitement, we see how delicately our fortune is poised and balanced on the pivot of a single incident, and then we call our experience a crisis, a thrilling moment.

One of these came to me in the autumn of 1894, on the banks of the Unpronounceable River, in the Province of Quebec. It was the last day of the open season for land-locked salmon, and we had set our hearts on catching some good fish to take home with us. We walked up from the mouth of the river, four preposterously long and rough miles, to a famous fishing-pool. It was a noble day for walking; the air was clear and crisp, and all the hills around us were glowing with the crimson foliage of those little bushes which God created to make burned lands look beautiful. The trail ended in

a precipitous gully, down which we scrambled with high hopes, and fishing-rods unbroken, only to find that the river was in a condition which made angling absurd if not impossible.

There must have been a cloud-burst among the mountains, for the water was coming down in a flood. The stream was bank-full, gurgling and eddying out among the bushes, and rushing over the shoal where the fish used to lie, in a brown torrent ten feet deep. Our last day with the salmon seemed destined to be a failure, and we must wait eight months before we could have another. There were three of us in the disappointment, and we shared it according to our temperaments.

Paul virtuously resolved not to give up while there was a chance left, and wandered down-stream to look for an eddy where he might pick up a small fish. Ferdinand, our guide, resigned himself without a sigh to the consolation of eating blueberries, which he always did with great cheerfulness. But I, being more cast down than either of my comrades, and, adapting my anatomy as well as possible to irregularities of Nature's upholstery, settled down to read myself into a Christian frame of mind.

Before beginning, my eyes roved sadly over the pool once more. It was but a casual glance. It lasted only for an instant. But in that fortunate fragment of time

I distinctly saw the broad tail of a big fish rise and disappear in the swift water at the very head of the pool.

Immediately the whole aspect of affairs was changed. Despondency vanished, and the river glittered with the beams of rising hope.

I said nothing to my companions. It would have been unkind to disturb them with expectations which might never be realized. My immediate duty was to get within casting distance of that salmon as soon as possible.

The way along the shore of the pool was difficult. The bank was very steep, and the rocks by the river's edge were broken and glibbery. Presently I came to a sheer wall of stone, perhaps thirty feet high, rising directly from the deep water.

There was a tiny ledge or crevice running part of the way across the face of this wall, and by this four-inch path I edged along, holding my rod in one hand and clinging affectionately with the other to such clumps of grass and little bushes as I could find. There was one small huckleberry plant to which I had a particular attachment.

The ledge in the rock soon came to an end. But below me in the pool there was a sunken reef, and on this reef a long log had caught, with one end sticking out of the water, within jumping distance. It was the only

chance. To go back would have been dangerous. An angler with a large family dependent upon him for support has no right to incur unnecessary perils.

Besides the fish was waiting for me at the upper end of the pool!

So I jumped, landed on the end of the log, felt it settle slowly down, ran along it like a small boy on a see-saw, and leaped off into shallow water just as the log rolled from the ledge and lunged out into the stream.

I watched it with interest and congratulated myself that I was no longer embarked upon it. On that craft a voyage down the Unpronounceable River would have been short but far from merry. The "all ashore" bell was not rung early enough. I just got off, with not half a second to spare.

But now all was well, for I was within reach of the fish. A little scrambling over the rocks brought me to a point where I could easily cast over him. He was lying in a swift, smooth, narrow channel between two large stones. It was a snug resting-place, and no doubt he would remain there for some time. So I took out my fly-book and prepared to angle for him according to the improved rules of the art.

I carefully tested a brand-new leader, and attached it to the line with great deliberation and the proper knot.

Then I gave my whole mind to the important question of a wise selection of flies.

It is astonishing how much time and mental anxiety a man can spend on an apparently simple question like this. When you are buying flies in a shop it seems as if you never had half enough. You keep picking out a half-dozen of each new variety as fast as the enticing salesman shows them to you. You stroll through the streets of Montreal or Quebec and drop in at every fishing-tackle dealer's to see whether you can find a few more good flies. Then, when you come to look over your collection at the critical moment on the bank of a stream, it seems as if you had ten times too many. And, spite of all, the precise fly that you need is not there.

You select a couple that you think fairly good, lay them down beside you in the grass, and go on looking through the book for something better. Failing to satisfy yourself, you turn to pick up those that you have laid out, and find that they have mysteriously vanished from the face of the earth. The best thing to do in such a case is to adopt some abstract theory of action without delay, and put it into practice without hesitation. Then if you fail, you can throw the responsibility on the theory.

Now, in regard to flies there are two theories. The old, conservative theory is, that on a bright day you should use a dark, dull fly, because it is less conspicuous. So I

followed that theory first and put on a Great Dun and a Dark Montreal. I cast them delicately over the fish, but he would not look at them.

Then I went over to the new, radical theory which says that on a bright day you must use a light, gay fly, because it is more in harmony with the sky, and therefore less noticeable. Accordingly I put on a Professor and a Parmacheene Belle; but this combination of learning and beauty had no attraction for the salmon.

Then I fell back on a theory of my own, to the effect that the salmon have an aversion to red, and prefer yellow and brown. So I tried various combinations of flies in which these colors predominated.

Then I abandoned all theories and went straight through my book, trying something from every page, and winding up with that lure which the guides consider infallible—"a Jock o' Scott that cost fifty cents at Quebec." But it was all in vain. I was ready to despair.

At this psychological moment I heard behind me a voice of hope—the song of a grasshopper: not one of those fat-legged, green-winged imbeciles that feebly tumble in the summer fields, but a game grasshopper—one of those thin-shanked, brown-winged fellows that leap like kangaroos, and fly like birds, and sing *Kri-karee-karee-kri* in their flight. It was not really a song, I know,





but it sounds like one; and, if you had heard that Kri-karee carolling as I chased him over the rocks, you would have been sure that he was mocking me.

I believed that he was the predestined lure for that salmon; but it was hard to persuade him to fulfil his destiny. I slapped at him with my hat, but he was not there. I grasped at him on the bushes, and brought away "nothing but leaves." At last he made his way to the very edge of the water and poised himself on a stone, with his legs well tucked in for a long leap and a bold flight to the other side of the river. It was my final opportunity. I made a desperate grab at it and caught the grasshopper.

My premonition proved to be correct. When that Kri-karee, invisibly attached to my leader, went floating down the stream, the salmon was surprised. It was the fourteenth of September, and he had supposed the grasshopper season was over. The unexpected temptation was too strong for him. He rose with a rush, and in an instant I was fast to the best land-locked salmon of the year.

But the situation was not without its embarrassments. My rod weighed only four and a quarter ounces; the fish weighed between six and seven pounds. The water was furious and headstrong. I had only thirty yards of line and no landing-net.

"Holà! Ferdinand!" I cried. "Bring the net, quick! A beauty! Hurry up!"

I thought it must be an hour while he was making his way over the hill, through the underbrush, around the cliff. Again and again the fish ran out my line almost to the last turn. A dozen times he leaped from the water, shaking his silvery sides. Twice he tried to cut the leader across a sunken ledge. But at last he was played out, and came in quietly toward the point of the rock. At the same moment Ferdinand appeared with the net.

Now, the use of the net is really the most difficult part of angling. And Ferdinand is the best netsman in the Lake St. John country. He never makes the mistake of trying to scoop a fish in motion. He does not grope around with aimless, futile strokes as if he were feeling for something in the dark. He does not entangle the dropper-fly in the net and tear the tail-fly out of the fish's mouth. He does not get excited. He quietly sinks the net in the water, and waits until he can see the fish distinctly, lying perfectly still and within reach. Then he makes a swift movement, like that of a mower swinging a scythe, takes the fish into the net head first, and lands him without a slip.

I felt sure that Ferdinand was going to do the trick in precisely this way with my salmon. Just at the right

instant he made one quick, steady swing of the arms, and—the head of the net broke clean off the handle and went floating away with the fish in it!

All seemed to be lost. But Ferdinand was equal to the occasion. He seized a long, crooked stick that lay in a pile of driftwood on the shore, sprang into the water up to his waist, caught the net as it drifted past, and dragged it to land, with the ultimate salmon, the prize of the season, still glittering through its meshes.

This is the story of my most thrilling moment as an angler. But which was the moment of the deepest thrill? Was it when the huckleberry bush saved me from a watery grave, or when the log rolled under my feet and started down the river? Was it when the fish rose, or when the net broke, or when the long stick captured it?

No, it was none of these. It was when the Kri-karee sat with his legs tucked under him on the brink of the stream. That was the turning-point. The fortunes of the day depended on the comparative quickness of the reflex action of his nerves and mine. That was the thrilling moment. I see it now. A crisis is really the commonest thing in the world. The reason why life sometimes seems dull to us is because we do not perceive the importance and the excitement of getting bait.

## WATERLOO

VICTOR HUGO

At the moment when Wellington drew back, Napoleon started up. He saw the plateau of Mont Saint Jean suddenly laid bare, and the front of the English army disappear. It rallied, but kept concealed. The emperor half rose in his stirrups. The flash of victory passed into his eyes. Wellington hurled back on the forest of Soignes and destroyed; that was the final overthrow of England by France; it was Cressy, Poitiers, Malplaquet, and Ramillies avenged. The man of Marengo was wiping out Agincourt.

The emperor then contemplating this terrible turn of fortune, swept his glass for the last time over every point of the battlefield. His guard standing behind with grounded arms, looked up to him with a sort of religion. He was reflecting; he was examining the slopes, noting the ascents, scrutinizing the tuft of trees, the square rye field, the footpath; he seemed to count every bush. He looked for some time at the English barricades on the two roads, two large abatis of trees, that on the Genappe road above La Haie

Sainte, armed with two cannon, which alone, of all the English artillery, bore upon the bottom of the field of battle, and that of the Nivelles road where glistened the Dutch bayonets of Cassé's brigade. He noticed near that barricade the old chapel of Saint Nicholas, painted white, which is at the corner of the crossroad toward Braine l'Alleud. He bent over and spoke in an undertone to the guide Lacoste. The guide made a negative sign of the head, probably treacherous.

The emperor rose up and reflected. Wellington had fallen back. It remained only to complete this repulse by a crushing charge. Napoleon, turning abruptly, sent off a courier at full speed to Paris to announce that the battle was won.

Napoleon was one of those geniuses who rule the thunder. He had found his thunderbolt. He ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers to carry the plateau of Mont Saint Jean. They were three thousand five hundred. They formed a line of half a mile. They were gigantic men on colossal horses. They were twenty-six squadrons. Aid-de-camp Bernard brought them the emperor's order. Ney drew his sword and placed himself at their head. The enormous squadrons began to move. Then was seen a fearful sight. All this cavalry, with sabres drawn, banners waving, and trumpets sounding, formed in column by division, descending

with an even movement and as one man—with the precision of a bronze battering ram opening a breach.

An odd numerical coincidence; twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry, formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and, upon two lines—seven on the first, and six on the second—with musket to the shoulder, and eye upon their sights, waiting calm, silent, and immovable.

They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clicking of the sabres, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence, then, suddenly, a long line of raised arms brandishing sabres appeared above the crest, with casques, trumpets, and standards, and three thousand faces with gray mustaches, crying *Vive l'Empereur!* All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake.

All at once, tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at

the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannons, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English a ditch, a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain.

It was a frightful moment. There was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope. The second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs, and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders; no power to retreat; the whole column was nothing but a projectile.

The force acquired to crush the English crushed the French. The inexorable ravine could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rolled in together pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf, and when this grave was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on. Almost a third of the Dubois brigade sank into this abyss. Here the loss of the battle began.

At the same time with the ravine, the artillery was unmasked. Sixty cannons and the thirteen squares thundered and flashed into the cuirassiers. The brave General Delord gave the military salute to the English



battery. All the English flying artillery took position in the squares at a gallop. The cuirassiers had not even time to breathe. The disaster of the sunken road had decimated, but not discouraged them. They were men who, diminished in number, grew greater in heart. Wathier's column alone had suffered from the disaster; Delord's, which Ney had sent obliquely to the left, as if he had a presentiment of the snare, arrived entire. The cuirassiers hurled themselves upon the English squares.

At full gallop, with free rein, their sabres in their teeth, and their pistols in their hands, the attack began. There are moments in battle when the soul hardens a man even to changing the soldier into a statue, and all this flesh becomes granite. The English battalions, desperately assailed, did not yield an inch. Then it was frightful. At five o'clock Wellington drew out his watch, and was heard to murmur these sombre words: *Blücher, or night!*

It was about this time that a distant line of bayonets glistened on the heights beyond Frischemont. Here is the turning point in this colossal drama.

The rest is known; the irruption of a third army, the battle thrown out of joint, eighty-six pieces of artillery suddenly thundering forth, a new battle falling at night-fall upon our dismantled regiments, the whole English line assuming the offensive and pushed forward, the gigan-

tic gap made in the French army, the English grape and Prussian grape lending mutual aid, extermination, disaster in front, disaster in flank, the Guard entering into line amid this terrible crumbling.

Feeling that they were going to their death, they cried out: *Vive l'Empereur!* There is nothing more touching in history than this death agony bursting forth in acclamations.

In the gathering night, on a field near Genappe, Bernard and Bertrand seized by a flap of his coat and stopped a haggard, thoughtful, gloomy man, who, dragged thus far by the current of the rout, had dismounted, passed the bridle of his horse under his arm, and with a bewildered eye was turning alone toward Waterloo. It was Napoleon, endeavoring to advance again, mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream.

### The years

Have taught some sweet, some bitter lessons, none  
Wiser than this,—to spend in all things else,  
But of old friends to be most miserly.

—J. R. LOWELL.

## THE EVE OF WATERLOO

LORD BYRON

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.  
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before;  
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! They come!  
they come!"



## THE HIPPO HUNT

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

The next morning we had our third and last chance at a hippo.

It is distinctly a hard-luck story. We had just gone on the bridge for breakfast when we saw him walking slowly from us along an island of white sand as flat as your hand, and on which he loomed large as a haystack. Captain Jensen was a true sportsman. He jerked the bell to the engine-room, and at full speed the *Deliverance*

raced for the shore. The hippo heard us, and, like a baseball player caught off base, tried to get back to the river. Captain Jensen danced on the deck plate:

"Shoot it! shoot it!" he yelled, "Shoot it!" When Anfossi and I fired, the *Deliverance* was a hundred yards from the hippo, and the hippo was not five feet from the bank. In another instant, he would have been over it and safe. But when we fired, he went down as suddenly as though a safe had dropped on him. Except that he raised his head, and rolled it from side to side, he remained perfectly still. From his actions, or lack of actions, it looked as though one of the bullets had broken his back; and when the blacks saw he could not move they leaped and danced and shrieked. To them the death of the big beast promised much chop.

But Captain Jensen was not so confident. "Shoot it," he continued to shout, "we lose him yet! shoot it!"

My gun was an American magazine rifle, holding five cartridges. We now were very near the hippo, and I shot him in the head twice, and, once, when he opened them, in the jaws. At each shot his head would jerk with a quick toss of pain, and at the sight the blacks screamed with delight that was primitively savage. After the last shot, when Captain Jensen had brought the *Deliverance* broadside to the bank, the hippo ceased to move. The boat had not reached the shore before the

boys with the steel hawser were in the water; the gang-plank was run out, and the black soldiers and wood boys, with their knives, were dancing about the hippo and hacking at his tail. Their idea was to make him the more quickly bleed to death.

I ran to the cabin for more cartridges. It seemed an absurd precaution. I was as sure I had the head of that hippo as I was sure that my own was still on my neck. My only difficulty was whether to hang the head in the front hall or in the dining-room. It might be rather too large for the dining-room. That was all that troubled me. After three minutes, when I was back on deck, the hippo still lay immovable. Certainly twenty men were standing about him; three were sawing off his tail, and the women were chanting triumphantly a song they used to sing in the days when the men were allowed to hunt, and had returned successful with food.

On the bridge was Anfossi with his camera. Before the men had surrounded the hippo he had had time to snap one picture of it. I had just started after my camera, when from the blacks there was a yell of alarm, of rage, and amazement. The hippo had opened his eyes and raised his head. I shoved the boys out of the way, and, putting the gun close to his head, fired point blank. I wanted to put him out of pain. I need not have distressed myself. The bullet affected him no more than a

quinine pill. What seemed chiefly to concern him, what apparently had brought him back to life was the hacking at his tail. That was an indignity he could not brook.

His expression, and he had a perfectly human expression, was one of extreme annoyance and of some slight alarm, as though he were muttering: "This is no place for *me*," and, without more ado, he began to roll toward the river. Without killing some one, I could not again use the rifle. The boys were close upon him, prying him back with the gangplank, beating him with sticks of firewood, trying to rope him with the steel hawser. Everybody shoved and pushed and beat at the great bulk, and the great bulk rolled steadily on. We might as well have tried to budge the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

He reached the bank, he crushed it beneath him, and like a suspension bridge, splashed into the water. Even then, we who watched him thought he would stick fast between the boat and the bank, that the hawser would hold him. But he sank like a submarine, and we stood gaping at the muddy water and saw him no more. When I recovered from my first rage I was glad he was still alive to float in the sun and puff and blow and open his great jaws in a luxurious yawn. I could imagine his joining his friends after his meeting with us, and remarking in reference to our bullets: "I find the mosquitoes are quite bad this morning."



## SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

SIDNEY LANIER

Out of the hills of Habersham,  
Down the valleys of Hall,  
I hurry amain to reach the plain,  
Run the rapid and leap the fall,  
Split at the rock and together again,  
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,  
And flee from folly on every side  
With a lover's pain to attain the plain  
Far from the hills of Habersham,  
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,  
All through the valleys of Hall,  
The rushes cried Abide, abide,  
The willful waterweeds held me thrall,  
The laving laurel turned my tide,  
The ferns and the fondling grass said Stay,  
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,  
And the little reeds sighed Abide, abide,  
Here in the hills of Habersham,  
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,  
 Veiling the valleys of Hall,  
 The hickory told me manifold  
 Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall  
 Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,  
 The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,  
 Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,  
 Said, Pass not, so cold, these manifold  
     Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,  
     These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,  
 And oft in the valleys of Hall,  
 The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone  
 Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,  
 And many a luminous jewel lone  
 —Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,  
 Ruby, garnet and amethyst—  
 Made lures with the lights of streaming stone  
     In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,  
     In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,  
 And oh, not the valleys of Hall  
 Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.  
 Downward the voices of Duty call—

Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,  
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,  
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,  
And the lordly main from beyond the plain  
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,  
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

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## AN OLD-TIME VIRGINIA MANSION

GEORGE W. BAGBY

The habitation of the old Virginia gentleman—house is too short a word to express it—always large enough, however small it might be, was sometimes stately, like the great square house of “Rosewell,” and others I might name. As a rule, to which, indeed, there were many exceptions, it was neither planned nor built—it grew: and that was its great charm. To be sure, the main structure or body of it had been put up with an eye not to convenience but to elbow-room and breathing space—without which no Virginian can live. But in course of time, as the children came along, as the family connections increased, and as the desire, the necessity in fact, of keeping a free hotel grew upon him, the old gentleman kept adding a wing here and tacking a shed room there until

the original building became mixed up, and, as it were, lost in the crowd of additions.

In cold weather the house was often miserably uncomfortable, but at all other times it was simply glorious. There was, of course, a large hall or passage, a parlor and dining-room, "the chamber" proper for the old lady and for everybody, and a fine old-time staircase leading to the guest-chambers, but the rest of the house ran mostly into nondescript apartments, access to which was not always easy. For the floors were on different levels, as they ought to be in an old country house. Fail to step up or down at the proper time, and you were sure to bump your head or bruise your shins. Then there were dark closets, cuddies, and big old chests that came mayhap from England, say nothing of the garret, full of mystery, that stretched the whole length of the house. Here was romance for childhood—plenty of it. These irregular rooms, two steps up and three down before you fairly got into them, teemed with poetry; but your modern houses, with square rooms on a dead level, are prosaic as dry-goods boxes.

A fine old house it was to play hide-and-seek in, to romp with the girls, to cut all sorts of capers without disturbing the old folks. Then these dark passages, these cuddies and closets, that big garret, never failed to harbor some good-natured old hip-shot fool of a family

ghost, who was evidently “projicking” around at night, after the girls had quit their talk, making the floors crack, the doors creak, and whispering his nonsense through the keyhole, as if he could scare you or anybody else!

The heavy, dark furniture; the huge sideboard; the quaint old chairs; the more common article, with spraddled legs, scooped seats, and stick backs; the diamond-paned book-case; the long horse-hair sofas, with round tasselled pillows, hard as logs of ebony, with nooks to hide them in; the graceful candle-stand; the gilt mirror, with its three compartments; the carved mantel, so high you could hardly reach the silver candlesticks on its narrow top; the bureaus, with swinging brass handles; the dressing-tables; the high-post bedsteads, with valance and tester; the massive dinner table, never big enough to hold all the dishes, some of which had to go on the hearth to be kept warm; the old-time silver, the heavy cut glassware, the glass pitcher for the thick, rich milk—how it foamed when they “poured it high!”—the Canton china, thin as thin biscuit; the plainer blue dinner set, for every-day use, with the big apples on the little trees, the blue islands in a white sea, the man or woman that was always going over that short bridge, but stopped and stood provokingly in the middle—how they all come back to you!

When you were a boy, did you sleep in a low-pitched,

dormer-windowed room, with two little gable windows that looked out upon a narrow-necked chimney, just where the neck ended and the shoulder began? You didn't? Then I pity you; you must have had a poor sort of boyhood.

Surely, you haven't forgotten the rainy days at the old country house? How the drops kept dropping, dropping from the eaves, and popping, popping up from the little trough worn into the earth below the eaves; how draggled and miserable the rooster looked, as you watched him from your seat in the deep window-sill; and how, tired of playing in-doors, you wondered if it would never, never stop raining? How you wandered from room to room, all over the house, up stairs and down stairs, eating cakes and apples, or buttered bread and raspberry jam; how at last you settled down in the old lady's chamber and held a hank till your arms ached, and you longed for bedtime to come?

If you have never known such days, never seen the reel the hanks were placed on, nor the flax-wheels that clacked when the time came to stop winding, then you have neither seen nor known anything. You don't know how to "skin the cat," or to play "Ant'ny over"; you don't know how to drop a live coal in a little puddle of water, and explode it with an axe—you have never been a Virginia boy.

## THE OLD SOUTH

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

The great fête of the people was Christmas. Spring had its special delights: horseback rides through the budding woods, with the birds singing; fishing parties down on the little rivers, with out-of-doors lunches and love-making; parties of various kinds from house to house. Summer had its pleasures: handsome dinners, and teas with moonlight strolls and rides to follow; visits to or from relations, or even to the White Sulphur Springs, called simply "the White." The Fall had its pleasures. But all times and seasons paled and dimmed before the festive joys of Christmas. It had been handed down for generations; it belonged to the race. It had come over with their forefathers. It had a peculiar significance. It was a title. Religion had given it its benediction. It was the time to "Shout the glad tidings." It was The Holidays. There were other holidays for the slaves, such as Easter and Whit-Monday; but Christmas was distinctively "The Holidays."

Then the boys came home from school or college with their friends; the members of the family who had moved away returned; pretty cousins came for the festivities; the neighborhood grew merry; the negroes were all to

have a holiday, the house-servants taking turn and turn about, and the plantation made ready for Christmas cheer. It was by all the younger population looked back to half the year, looked forward to the other half. Time was measured by it; it was either so long "since Christmas," or so long "before Christmas." The affairs of the plantation were set in order against it. The corn was got in; the hogs were killed; the lard "tried"; sausage-meat made; mince-meat prepared; the turkeys fattened, with "the old big gobbler" specially devoted to the "Christmas dinner"; the servants' new shoes and winter clothes stored away ready for distribution; and the plantation began to be ready to prepare for Christmas.

In the first place, there was generally a cold spell which froze up everything and enabled the ice-houses to be filled. This spell was the harbinger; and great fun it was at the ice-pond, where the big rafts of ice were floated along, with the boys on them. The rusty skates with their curled runners and stiff straps were got out, and maybe tried for a day. Then the stir began. The wagons all were put to hauling wood—hickory; nothing but hickory now; other wood might do for other times, but at Christmas only hickory was used; and the wood-pile was heaped high with the logs; while to the ordinary wood-cutters "for the house" were added three, four, a half-dozen more, whose shining axes rang around



the wood-pile all day long. With what a vim they cut, and how telling was that "Ha'nh!" as they drove the ringing axes into the hard wood, sending the big white chips flying! It was always the envy of the boys, that simultaneous, ostentatious expulsion of the breath, and they used vainly to try to imitate it.

In the midst of it came the wagon or the ox-cart from "the depot," with the big white boxes of Christmas things, the black driver feigning hypocritical indifference as he drove through the choppers to the storeroom. Then came the rush of all the wood-cutters to help him unload; the jokes among themselves, as they pretended to strain in lifting, of what "master" or "mistis" was going to give them out of those boxes, uttered just loud enough to reach their master's or mistress's ears where they stood looking on, while the driver took due advantage of his temporary prestige to give many pompous cautions and directions.

The getting the evergreens and mistletoe was the sign that Christmas had come, was really here. There were the parlor and hall and dining-room, and, above all, the old church, to be "dressed." The last was a neighborhood work; all united in it, and it was one of the events of the year. Young men rode thirty and forty miles to "help" dress that church. They did not go home again till after Christmas. The return from the church was the beginning of the festivities.

Then by "Christmas Eve's eve" the wood was all cut and stacked high in the wood-house and on and under the back porticos, so as to be handy, and secure from the snow which was almost certain to come. Then came the snow. It seems that Christmas was almost sure to bring it in old times; at least it is closely associated with it. The excitement increased; the boxes were unpacked, some of them openly, to the general delight, others with a mysterious secrecy which stimulated the curiosity to its highest point and added to the charm of the occasion. The kitchen filled up with assistants famed for special skill in particular branches of the cook's art, who bustled about with glistening faces and shining teeth, proud of their elevation and eager to add to the general cheer.

It was now Christmas Eve. From time to time the "hired out" servants came home from Richmond or other places where they had been hired or had hired out themselves, their terms having been by common custom framed, with due regard to their rights to the holiday, to expire in time for them to spend the Christmas at home. There was much hilarity over their arrival, and they were welcomed like members of the family as, with their new winter clothes donned a little ahead of time, they came to pay their "bespec's to master and mistis."

Then the vehicles went off to the distant station for the visitors—for the visitors and the boys. Oh, the excitement of that! the drag of the long hours at first,

and then the eager expectancy as the time approached for their return; the "making up" of the fires in the visitors' rooms (of the big fires; there had been fires there all day "to air" them, but now they must be made up afresh); the hurrying backwards and forwards of the servants; the feverish impatience of every one, especially of the children, who are sure the train is late or that something has happened, and who run and "look up towards the big gate" every five minutes, notwithstanding the mammy's oft-repeated caution that a "watch' pot never b'iles."

There was an exception to the excitement: the mistress, calm, deliberate, unperturbed, moved about with her usual serene composure, her watchful eye seeing that everything was "ready" (her orders had been given and her arrangements made days before, such was her system). The girls, having finished dressing the parlor and hall, had disappeared. Satisfied at last with their work, after innumerable final touches, every one of which was an undeniable improvement to that which already appeared perfect, they had suddenly vanished—vanished as completely as a dream—to appear again later on at the parlor door, radiant visions of loveliness, or, maybe, if certain unlooked-for visitors unexpectedly arrived, to meet accidentally in the less embarrassing and safer precincts of the dimly lighted passages.

When they appeared, what a transformation had taken place! If they were bewitching before, now they were entrancing. The gay, laughing, saucy creature who had been dressing the parlors and hanging the mistletoe with many jests and parries of the half-veiled references was now a demure or stately maiden in all the dignity of a new gown and with all the graciousness of a young countess.

But this is after the carriages return. They have not yet come. They are late—they are always late—and it is dark before they come; the glow of the fires and candles shines out through the windows on the snow, often blackened by the shadows of little figures whose noses are pressed to the panes, which grow blurred with their warm breath. Meantime the carriages, piled up outside and in, are slowly making their way homeward through the frozen roads, followed by the creaking wagon filled with trunks, on which are perched several small muffled figures, whose places in the carriages are taken by unexpected guests. The drivers still keep up a running fire with their young masters, though they have long since been pumped dry by “them boys” as to every conceivable matter connected with “home,” in return for which they receive information as to school and college pranks.

At last the “big gate” is reached; a half-frozen figure rolls out and runs to open it, flapping his arms in the

darkness like some strange, uncanny bird; they pass through; the gleam of a light shines away off on a far hill. The shout goes up, "There she is; I see her!" The light is lost, but a little later appears again. It is the light in the mother's chamber, the curtains of the windows of which have been left up intentionally, that the welcoming gleam may be seen afar off by her boys on the first hill—a blessed beacon shining from home and her mother's heart.

Across the white fields the dark vehicles move, then toil up the house hill, filled with their eager occupants, who can scarce restrain themselves; approach the house, by this time glowing with lighted windows, and enter the yard just as the doors open and a swarm rushes out with joyful cries of, "Here they are!" "Yes, here we are!" comes in cheery answer, and one after another they roll or step out, according to age and dignity, and run up the steps, stamping their feet, the boys to be taken fast into motherly arms, and the visitors to be given warm handclasps and cordial welcomes.

Later on the children were got to bed, scarce able to keep in their pallets for excitement; the stockings were all hung up over the big fireplace; and the grown people grew gay in the crowded parlors. Mark you, there was no splendor, nor show, nor style as it would be understood now. Had there been, it could not have been so

charming. There were only profusion and sincerity, heartiness and gayety, fun and merriment, cordiality and cheer, and withal genuineness and refinement.

Next morning before light the stir began. White-clad little figures stole about in the gloom, with bulging stockings clasped to their bosoms, opening doors, shouting "Christmas gift!" into dark rooms at sleeping elders, and then scurrying away like so many white mice, squeaking with delight, to rake open the embers and inspect their treasures. At prayers, "Shout the glad tidings" was sung by fresh young voices with due fervor.

How gay the scene was at breakfast! What pranks had been performed in the name of Santa Claus! Every foible had been played on. What lovely telltale blushes and glances and laughter greeted the confessions! The larger part of the day was spent in going to and coming from the beautifully dressed church, where the service was read, and the anthems and hymns were sung by everybody, for every one was happy.

But, as in the beginning of things, "the evening and the morning were the first day." Dinner was the great event. It was the test of the mistress and the cook, or, rather, the cooks; for the kitchen now was full of them. It is impossible to describe it. The old mahogany table stretched diagonally across the dining-room, groaned; the big gobbler filled the place of honor; a great round

of beef held the second place; an old ham, with every other dish that ingenuity, backed by long experience, could devise, was at the side, and the shining sideboard, gleaming with glass, scarcely held the dessert.

It was then that the fun began. There were games and dances—country dances, the lancers and quadrilles. The top of the old piano was lifted up, and the infectious dancing-tunes rolled out under the flying fingers. There was some demur on the part of the elder ladies, who were not quite sure that it was right; but it was overruled by the gentlemen, and the master in his frock coat and high collar started the ball by catching the prettiest girl by the hand and leading her to the head of the room right under the noses of half a dozen bashful lovers, calling to them meantime to “get their sweet-hearts and come along.” Round dancing was not yet introduced. It was regarded as an innovation, if nothing worse. It was held generally as highly improper, by some as “disgusting.” As to the german, why, had it been known, the very name would have been sufficient to condemn it. Nothing foreign in that civilization! There was fun enough in the old-fashioned country dances, and the “Virginia reel” at the close; whoever could not be satisfied with that was hard to please.

## SPRING IN KENTUCKY

JOHN FOX, JR.

Spring in the Blue-grass! The earth — spiritual as it never is except under new-fallen snow — in the first shy green. The leaves, a floating mist of green, so buoyant that, if loosed, they must, it seemed, have floated upward — never to know the blight of frost or the droop of age. The air, rich with the smell of new earth and sprouting grass, the long, low skies newly washed, and, through radiant distances, clouds light as thistle-down and white as snow.

And the birds! Wrens in the hedges, sparrows by the wayside and on fence-rails, starlings poised over meadows brilliant with glistening dew, larks in the pastures — all singing as they sang at the first dawn, and the mood of nature that perfect blending of earth and heaven that is given her children but rarely to know. It was good to be alive at the breaking of such a day — good to be young and strong, and eager and unafraid, when the nation called for its young men and red Mars was the morning star.



It was growing dusk outside. Chickens were going to roost with a great chattering in some locust trees in one corner of the yard. An aged darkey was swinging an axe at the woodpile, and two little pickaninnies were gathering a basket of chips. Already the air was filled with the twilight sounds of the farm — the lowing of cattle, the bleating of calves at the cowpens, the bleat of sheep from the woods, and the nicker of horses in the barn.

The locust trees were quiet now, and the barn was still except for the occasional stamp of a horse in his stall or the squeak of a pig that was pushed out of his warm place by a stronger brother. The night noises were strong and clear — the cricket in the grass, the croaking frogs from the pool, the whirl of a night-hawk's wings along the edge of the yard, the persistent wail of a whip-poor-will sitting lengthwise of a willow limb over the meadow branch, the occasional sleepy caw of crows from their roost in the woods beyond, the bark of a house-dog at a neighbor's home across the fields, and, farther still, the fine high yell of a fox hunter and the faint answering yelp of a hound.

## THE WEATHER-SPIRIT

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

A voice in the roaring pine wood,  
A voice in the breaking sea,  
A voice in the storm-red morning,  
That will not let me be.

It is calling me to the forest,  
It is calling me to the strand,  
The Weather-spirit is calling me  
To fare over sea and land.

Till my cheek with the rain is stinging,  
And my head is wet with the spray,  
There is that within my bosom  
Which will not let me stay.

Might in the pine wood tossing,  
Might on the racing sea,  
The Weather-spirit, my brother,  
Is calling, calling to me.

## SUNDAY IN CENTRAL PARK

BRANDER MATTHEWS

It was the last Sunday in September, and the blue sky arched above the Park, clear, cloudless, unfathomable. The afternoon sun was hot, and high overhead. Now and then a wandering breeze came without warning and lingered only for a moment, fluttering the broad leaves of the aquatic plants in the fountain below the Terrace. At the Casino, on the hill above the Mall, men and women were eating and drinking, some of them inside the dingy and sprawling building, and some of them outdoors at little tables set in curving lines under the gayly colored awnings, which covered the broad walk bending away from the door of the restaurant.

From the bandstand in the thick of the throng below came the brassy staccato of a cornet, rendering "The Last Rose of Summer." Even the Ramble was full of people; and the young couples, seeking sequestered nooks under the russet trees, were often forced to share their benches with strangers. Beneath the reddening maples lonely men



l lounged on the grass by themselves, or sat solitary and silent in the midst of chattering family groups.

The crowd was cosmopolitan and unhurried. For the most part it was good-natured and well-to-do. There was not a beggar to be seen; there was no appealing poverty. Fathers of families there were in abundance, well-fed and well-clad, with their wives and with their sons' wives and with their sons' children. Maids in black dresses and white aprons pushed baby carriages. Young girls in groups of three and four giggled and gossiped. There was a general air of prosperity gladly displaying itself in the sunshine; the misery and the want and the despair of the great city were left behind and thrust out of mind.

Two or three yards after a portly German with a little boy holding each of his hands, while a third son still younger rode ahead astride of his father's solid cane, there came two slim Japanese gentlemen, small and sallow, in their neatly cut coats and trousers. A knot of laughing mulatto-girls followed arm in arm; they, too, seemed ill-dressed in the accepted costume of civilization, especially when contrasted with half a dozen Italians who passed slowly, looking about them with curious glances; the men in worn olive velveteens and with gold rings in their ears, the women with bright colors in their skirts and with embroidery on their neckerchiefs.

Where the foot-path touched the carriage drive there

stood a plain but comfortably plump woman, perhaps thirty years of age; she had a baby in her arms, and a little girl of scant three held fast to her patched calico dress; with her left hand she was proffering a basket containing apples, bananas, and grapes; two other children, both under six, played about her skirts; and two more, a boy and a girl, kept within sight of her — the girl, about ten years old, having a basket of her own filled with thin round brown cakes; and a boy, certainly not yet thirteen, holding out a wooden box packed with rolls of lozenges, put up in red and yellow and green papers. Now and again the mother or one of the children made a sale to a pedestrian on his way to the music. The younger children watched, with noisy glee, the light leaps of a gray squirrel bounding along over the grass behind the path and balancing himself with his horizontal tail.

The broad carriage drive was as crowded as any of the foot-paths. Bicyclists in white sweaters and black stockings toiled along in groups of three and four, bent forward over the bars of their machines. Park omnibuses heavily laden with women and children drew up for an instant before the Terrace, and then went on again to skirt the Lake. Old-fashioned and shabby landaus lumbered along with strangers from the hotels. Now and then there came in sight a hansom cab with a young couple framed in the front of it, or a jolting dog-cart, on the high seat

of which a British-looking young man was driving tandem. Here and there were other private carriages—coupés and phaëtons, for the most part, with once and again a four-in-hand coach rumbling heavily on the firmly packed road.

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## THE ANCIENT MARINER

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
 As who pursued with yell and blow  
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
 And forward bends his head,  
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
 And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,  
 And it grew wondrous cold:  
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
 As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
 Did send a dismal sheen:  
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
 The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around :  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an Albatross,  
Through the fog it came ;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;  
The helmsman steered us through !

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine ;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner !  
From the fiends that plague thee thus !—



Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow  
I shot the Albatross."

The Sun now rose upon the right:  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work 'em woe:  
For all averred, I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.  
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
The glorious Sun uprist:  
Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, every where  
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was withered at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young!  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

## LABOR

THOMAS CARLYLE

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself": long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan. It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work;" a man perfects himself by working.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour

mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining-off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is Life: from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, “self-knowledge” and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that: for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that.

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## CONTENTMENT ON THE FARM

HORACE GREELEY

Is agriculture a repulsive pursuit? That what has been called farming has repelled many of the youth of our day, I perceive; and I glory in the fact. An American boy, who has received a fair common-school education and has an active, inquiring mind, does not willingly consent merely to drive oxen and hold plow forever. He will do these things with alacrity, if they come in his

way; he will not accept them as the be-all of his career. He will not sit down in a rude, slovenly, naked home, devoid of flowers, and trees, and books, and periodicals, and intelligent, inspiring, refining conversation, and there plod through a life of drudgery as hopeless and cheerless as any mule's. He has needs, and hopes, and aspirations which this life does not and ought not to satisfy. This might have served his progenitor in the ninth century; but this is the nineteenth, and the young American knows it.

Any American farmer, who has two hands and knows how to use them, may, at fifty years of age, have a better library than King Solomon ever dreamed of, though he declared that "of making many books there is no end;" any intelligent farmer's son may have a better knowledge of Nature and her laws when twenty years old than Aristotle or Pliny ever attained. The steam engine, the electric telegraph, and the power-press have brought knowledge nearer to the humblest cabin than it was, ten centuries since, to the stateliest mansions.

A small library of well-selected books in his home has saved many a youth from wandering into the baleful ways of the prodigal son. Where paternal strictness and severity would have bred nothing but dislike and a fixed resolve to abscond at the first opportunity, good books and pleasant surroundings have weaned many a youth

from his first wild impulse to go to sea or cross the continent, and made him a docile, contented, obedient, happy lingerer by the parental fireside. In a family, however rich or poor, no other good is so cheap or so precious as thoughtful, watchful love.

Most men are born poor, but no man, who has average capacities and tolerable luck, need remain so. And the farmer's calling, though proffering no sudden leaps, no ready short-cuts to opulence, is the surest of all ways from poverty and want to comfort and independence. Other men must climb; the temperate, frugal, diligent farmer may *grow* into competence and every external accessory to happiness. Each year of his devotion to his homestead may find it more valuable, more attractive than the last, and leave it better still.

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## THE HEART OF THE TREE

H. C. BUNNER

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants the friend of sun and sky;

He plants the flag of breezes free;

The shaft of beauty, towering high;

He plants a home to heaven anigh

For song and mother-croon of bird  
 In hushed and happy twilight heard—  
 The treble of heavenly harmony—  
 These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
 He plants cool shade and tender rain,  
 And seed and bud of days to be,  
 And years that fade and flush again;  
 He plants the glory of the plain;  
 He plants the forest's heritage;  
 The harvest of a coming age;  
 The joy that unborn eyes shall see—  
 These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
 He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,  
 In love of home and loyalty  
 And far-cast thought of civic good—  
 His blessings on the neighborhood  
 Who in the hollow of his hand  
 Holds all the growth of all our land—  
 A nation's growth from sea to sea  
 Stirs in the heart who plants a tree.



## THE JOURNEY SOUTHWARD

FRIDTJOF NANSEN

On Friday, June 12th, we started again at 4 A. M. with sails on our sledges. There had been frost, so the snow was in much better condition again. It had been very windy in the night, too, so we hoped for a good day. On the preceding day it had cleared up so that we could at last see distinctly the lands around. We now discovered that we must steer in a more westerly direction than we had done during the preceding days, in order to reach the south point of the land to the west. The lands to the east disappeared eastward, so we had said good-by to them the day before.

We now saw, too, that there was a broad sound in the land to the west, and that it was one entire land, as we had taken it to be. The land north of this sound was now so far away that I could only just see it. In the meantime the wind had dropped a good deal; the ice, too, became more and more uneven,—it was evident that we had come to the drift ice, and it was much harder work than we had expected. We could see by the air that there must be open water to the south; and as we went on we heard, to our joy, the sound of breakers.

At 6 A.M. we stopped to rest a little; and on going up on to a hummock to take a longitude observation, I saw the water not far off. From a higher piece of glacier ice we could see it better. It extended toward the promontory to the southwest. Even though the wind had become a little westerly now, we still hoped to be able to sail along the edge of the ice, and determined to go to the water by the shortest way. We were quickly at the edge of the ice, and once more saw the blue water spread out before us. We soon had our kayaks lashed together and the sail up, and put to sea. Nor were our hopes disappointed: we sailed well all day long. At times the wind was so strong that we cut through the water, and the waves washed unpleasantly over our kayaks; but we got on, and we had to put up with being a little wet.

We soon passed the point we had been making for; and here we saw that the land ran westward, that the edge of the unbroken shore ice extended in the same direction, and that we had water in front of us. In good spirits, we sailed westward along the margin of the ice. So we were at last at the south of the land in which we had been wandering for so long, and where we had spent a long winter. It struck me more than ever that in spite of everything, this south coast would agree well with Leigh Smith's map of Franz Josef Land and the

country surrounding their winter quarters; but then I remembered Payer's map and dismissed the thought.

In the evening we put in to the edge of the ice, so as to stretch our legs a little; they were stiff with sitting in the kayak all day, and we wanted to get a little view over the water to the west by ascending a hummock. As we went ashore the question arose as to how we should moor our precious vessel. "Take one of the braces," said Johansen: he was standing on the ice. "But is it strong enough?" "Yes," he answered. "I have used it as a halyard on my sledge sail all the time." "Oh, well, it doesn't require much to hold these light kayaks," said I, a little ashamed of having been so timid; and I moored them with the halyard, which was a strap cut from a walrus-hide.

We had been on the ice a little while, moving up and down close to the kayaks. The wind had dropped considerably, and seemed to be more westerly, making it doubtful whether we could make use of it any longer; and we went up on to a hummock close by to ascertain this better. As we stood there, Johansen suddenly cried, "I say! the kayaks are adrift!" We ran down as hard as we could. They were already a little way out, and were drifting quickly off; the painter had given way.

"Here, take my watch!" I said to Johansen, giving it to him; and as quickly as possible I threw off some

clothing, so as to be able to swim more easily. I did not dare to take everything off, as I might so easily get cramp. I sprang into the water; but the wind was off the ice, and the light kayaks, with their high rigging, gave it a good hold. They were already well out, and were drifting rapidly. The water was icy cold; it was hard work swimming with clothes on; and the kayaks drifted farther and farther, often quicker than I could swim. It seemed more than doubtful whether I could manage it. But all our hope was drifting there; all we possessed was on board—we had not even a knife with us: and whether I got cramp and sank here, or turned back without the kayaks, it would come to pretty much the same thing; so I exerted myself to the utmost.

When I got tired I turned over and swam on my back, and then I could see Johansen walking restlessly up and down on the ice. Poor lad! He could not stand still, and thought it dreadful not to be able to do anything. He had not much hope that I could do it, but it would not improve matters in the least if he threw himself into the water too. He said afterward that these were the worst moments he had ever lived through. But when I turned over again and saw that I was nearer the kayaks, my courage rose, and I redoubled my exertions. I felt, however, that my limbs were gradually stiffening and losing all feeling, and I knew that in a

short time I should not be able to move them. But there was not far to go now; if I could only hold out a little longer we should be saved—and I went on. The strokes became more and more feeble, but the distance became shorter, and I began to think I should reach the kayaks. At last I was able to stretch out my hand to the snowshoe which lay across the sterns. I grasped it, pulled myself in to the edge of the kayak—and we were saved!

I tried to pull myself up, but the whole of my body was so stiff with cold that this was an impossibility. For a moment I thought that after all, it was too late: I was to get so far, but not be able to get in. After a little, however, I managed to swing one leg up on to the edge of the sledge which lay on the deck, and in this way managed to tumble up. There I sat so stiff with cold that I had difficulty in paddling. Nor was it easy to paddle in the double vessel, where I first had to take one or two strokes on one side, and then step into the other kayak to take a few strokes on the other side. If I had been able to separate them, and row in one while I towed the other, it would have been easy enough; but I could not undertake that piece of work; for I should have been stiff before it was done: the thing to be done was to keep warm by rowing as hard as I could. The cold had robbed my whole body of feeling; but when

the gusts of wind came, they seemed to go right through me as I stood there in my thin wet woollen shirt. I shivered, my teeth chattered, and I was numb almost all over; but I could still use the paddle, and I should get warm when I got back on to the ice again.

Two auks were lying close to the bow, and the thought of having auk for supper was too tempting: we were in want of food now. I got hold of my gun and shot them with one discharge. Johansen said afterwards that he started at the report, thinking some accident had happened, and could not understand what I was about out there; but when he saw me paddle and pick up two birds, he thought I had gone out of my mind. At last I managed to reach the edge of the ice; but the current had driven me a long way from our landing-place. Johansen came along the edge of the ice, jumping into the kayak beside me, and we soon got back to our place. I was undeniably a good deal exhausted, and could barely manage to crawl on land. I could scarcely stand; and while I shook and trembled all over, Johansen had to pull off the wet things I had on, put on the few dry ones I still had in reserve, and spread the sleeping-bag out upon the ice. I packed myself well into it and he covered me with the sail and everything he could find to keep out the cold air.

There I lay shivering for a long time, but gradually

the warmth began to return to my body. For some time longer, however, my feet had no more feeling in them than icicles, for they had been partly naked in the water. While Johansen put up the tent and prepared supper, consisting of my two auks, I fell asleep. He let me sleep quietly; and when I awoke, supper had been ready for some time, and stood simmering over the fire. Auk and hot soup soon effaced the last traces of my swim. During the night my clothes were hung out to dry, and the next day were all nearly dry again.

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## THE JOLLY-BOAT'S LAST TRIP

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

This fifth trip was quite different from any of the others. In the first place, the little gallipot of a boat that we were in was gravely overloaded. Five grown men, and three of them—Trelawney, Redruth, and the captain—over six feet high, was already more than she was meant to carry. Add to that the powder, pork, and bread-bags. The gunwale was lipping astern. Several times we shipped a little water, and my breeches and the tails of my coat were all soaking wet before we had gone a hundred yards.

The captain made us trim the boat, and we got her

to lie a little more evenly. All the same, we were afraid to breathe.

In the second place, the ebb was now making—a strong rippling current running westward through the basin, and then south'ard and seaward down the straits by which we had entered in the morning. Even the ripples were a danger to our overloaded craft; but the worst of it was that we were swept out of our true course, and away from our proper landing-place behind the point. If we let the current have its way we should come ashore beside the gigs, where the pirates might appear at any moment.

"I cannot keep her head for the stockade, sir," said I to the captain. I was steering, while he and Redruth, two fresh men, were at the oars. "The tide keeps washing her down. Could you pull a little stronger?"

"Not without swamping the boat," said he. "You must bear up, sir, if you please—bear up until you see you're gaining."

I tried, and found by experiment that the tide kept sweeping us westward until I had laid her head due east, or just about right angles to the way we ought to go.

"We'll never get ashore at this rate," said I.

"If it's the only course that we can lie, sir, we must even lie it," returned the captain. "We must keep upstream. You see, sir," he went on, "if once we dropped



to leeward of the landing-place, it's hard to say where we should get shore, besides the chance of being boarded by the gigs; whereas, the way we go the current must slacken, and then we can dodge back along the shore."

"The current's less a'ready, sir," said the man Gray, who was sitting in the fore-sheets; "you can ease her off a bit."

"Thank you, my man," said I, quite as if nothing had happened; for we had all quietly made up our minds to treat him like one of ourselves.

Suddenly the captain spoke up again, and I thought his voice was a little changed.

"The gun!" said he.

"I have thought of that," said I, for I made sure he was thinking of a bombardment of the fort. "They could never get the gun ashore, and if they did, they could never haul it through the woods."

"Look astern, doctor," replied the captain.

We had entirely forgotten the long nine; and there, to our horror, were the five rogues busy about her, getting off her jacket, as they called the stout tarpaulin cover under which she sailed. Not only that, but it flashed into my mind at the same moment that the round-shot and the powder for the gun had been left behind, and a stroke with an axe would put it all into the possession of the evil ones aboard.

"Israel was Flint's gunner," said Gray hoarsely.

At any risk, we put the boat's head direct for the landing-place. By this time we had got so far out of the run of the current that we kept steerage way even at our necessarily gentle rate of rowing, and I could keep her steady for the goal. But the worst of it was, that with the course I now held, we turned our broadside instead of our stern to the Hispaniola, and offered a target like a barn door.

I could hear, as well as see, that brandy-faced rascal, Israel Hands, plumping down a round-shot on the deck.

"Who's the best shot?" asked the captain.

"Mr. Trelawney, out and away," said I.

"Mr. Trelawney, will you please pick me off one of these men, sir? Hands, if possible," said the captain.

Trelawney was as cool as steel. He looked to the priming of his gun.

"Now," cried the captain, "easy with that gun, sir, or you'll swamp the boat. All hands stand by to trim her when he aims."

The squire raised his gun, the rowing ceased, and we leaned over to the other side to keep the balance, and all was so nicely contrived that we did not ship a drop.

They had the gun, by this time, slewed round upon the swivel, and Hands, who was at the muzzle with the



rammer, was, in consequence, the most exposed. However, we had no luck; for just as Trelawney fired, down he stooped, the ball whistled over him, and it was one of the other four who fell.

The cry he gave was echoed, not only by his companions on board, but by a great number of voices from the shore, and looking in that direction I saw the other pirates trooping out from among the trees and tumbling into their places in the boats.

"Here come the gigs, sir," said I.

"Give way then," cried the captain. "We mustn't mind if we swamp her now. If we can't get ashore, all's up."

"Only one of the gigs is being manned, sir," I added, "the crew of the other most likely going round by shore to cut us off."

"They'll have a hot run, sir," returned the captain. "Jack ashore, you know. It's not them I mind; it's the round-shot. Carpet bowls! My lady's maid couldn't miss. Tell us, squire, when you see the match, and we'll hold water."

In the meanwhile we had been making headway at a good pace for a boat so overloaded, and we had shipped but little water in the process. We were now close in; thirty or forty strokes and we should beach her; for the ebb had already disclosed a narrow belt of sand

below the clustering trees. The gig was no longer to be feared; the little point had already concealed it from our eyes. The ebb-tide, which had so cruelly delayed us, was now making reparation, and delaying our assailants. The one source of danger was the gun.

"If I durst," said the captain, "I'd stop and pick off another man."

But it was plain that they meant nothing should delay their shot. They had never so much as looked at their fallen comrade, though he was not dead, and I could see him trying to crawl away.

"Ready!" cried the squire.

"Hold!" cried the captain, quick as an echo.

And he and Redruth backed with a great heave that sent her stern bodily under water. The report fell in at the same instant of time. This was the first that Jim heard, the sound of the squire's shot not having reached him. Where the ball passed, not one of us precisely knew; but I fancy it must have been over our heads, and that the wind of it may have contributed to our disaster.

At any rate, the boat sank by the stern, quite gently, in three feet of water, leaving the captain and myself facing each other, on our feet. The other three took complete headers, and came up again, drenched and bubbling.

So far there was no great harm. No lives were lost, and we could wade ashore in safety. But there were all our stores at the bottom, and, to make things worse, only two guns out of five remained in a state for service. Mine I had snatched from my knees and held over my head, by a sort of instinct. As for the captain, he had carried his over his shoulder by a bandoleer, and, like a wise man, lock uppermost. The other three had gone down with the boat.

To add to our concern, we heard voices already drawing near us in the woods along shore; and we had not only the danger of being cut off from the stockade in our half-crippled state, but the fear before us whether, if Hunter and Joyce were attacked by half a dozen, they would have the sense and conduct to stand firm. Hunter was steady, that we knew; Joyce was a doubtful case—a pleasant, polite man for a valet, and to brush one's clothes, but not entirely fitted for a man of war.

With all this in our minds, we waded ashore as fast as we could, leaving behind us the poor jolly-boat, and a good half of all our powder and provisions.

## ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN A DALE

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,  
All you that love mirth for to hear,  
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw  
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,  
All under the greenwood tree,  
There he was aware of a brave young man,  
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,  
In scarlet fine and gay;  
And he did frisk it over the plain,  
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood  
Amongst the leaves so gay,  
There did he espy the same young man,  
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before  
It was clean cast away;  
And at every step he fetched a sigh,  
“Alack and a well-a-day!”

Then stepped forth brave Little John,  
And Nick, the miller's son,  
Which made the young man bend his bow,  
When as he see them come.

"Stand off, stand off!" the young man said,  
"What is your will with me?"  
"You must come before our master straight,  
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,  
Robin asked him courteously,  
"O, hast thou any money to spare  
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,  
"But five shillings and a ring;  
And that I have kept this seven long years,  
To have it at my wedding."

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,  
But she is now from me tane,  
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,  
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,  
"Come tell me without any fail."



"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,  
"My name it is Allin a Dale."

"What wilt thou give me?" said Robin Hood,  
"In ready gold or fee,  
To help thee to thy true-love again,  
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,  
"No ready gold nor fee,  
But I will swear upon a book  
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?  
Come tell me without any guile."

"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,  
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,  
He did neither stint nor lin,  
Until he came unto the church,  
Where Allin should keep his wedding.

"What dost thou do here?" the bishop he said,  
"I prithee now tell unto me:"

"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,  
"And the best in the north country."

“Oh welcome, oh welcome,” the bishop he said,  
“That music best pleaseth me;”  
“You shall have no music,” quoth Robin Hood,  
“Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.”

With that came in a wealthy knight,  
Which was both brave and old,  
And after him a finikin lass,  
Did shine like glistering gold.

“This is no fit match,” quoth bold Robin Hood,  
“That you do seem to make here,  
For since we are come unto the church,  
The bride shall choose her own dear.”

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,  
And blew blasts two or three;  
When four and twenty bowmen bold  
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the churchyard,  
Marching all on a row,  
The very first man was Allin a Dale,  
To give bold Robin his bow.

“This is thy true-love,” Robin he said,  
“Young Allin as I hear say;

And you shall be married at this same time,  
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he said,  
"For thy word shall not stand;  
They shall be three times asked in the church,  
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the Bishop's coat,  
And put it upon Little John;  
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,  
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,  
The people began for to laugh;  
He asked them seven times in the church,  
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" then said Little John;  
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I,  
And he that takes her from Allin a Dale,  
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And thus having end of this merry wedding,  
The bride looked as fresh as a queen;  
And so they returned to the merry green wood,  
Amongst the leaves so green.

## LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

DANIEL WEBSTER

This uncounted multitude before me, and around me, proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and, from the impulses of a common gratitude, turned reverently to heaven, in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchres of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where

we stand, a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations.

The society, whose organ I am, was formed for the purpose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American Independence. They have thought that, for this object, no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking, than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought.

The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for His blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted; and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain, as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised, and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We

rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind.

We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection, from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests.

We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude.

We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of

him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

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## THE MEMORY OF THE HEART

DANIEL WEBSTER

If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,  
We keep them in the memory of the brain;  
Names, things, and facts—whate'er we knowledge call,  
There is the common ledger for them all;  
And images on this cold surface traced  
Make slight impressions, and are soon effaced.

But we've a page more glowing and more bright,  
On which our friendship and our love to write;  
That these may never from the soul depart,  
We trust them to the memory of the heart.  
There is no dimming—no effacement here;  
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;  
Warm, golden letters, all the tablet fill,  
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

## WHAT MAKES A NATION?

W. D. NESBIT

What makes a nation? Bounding lines that lead  
from shore to shore,

That trace its girth on silent hills or on the prairie  
floor,

That hold the rivers and the lakes and all the fields  
between —

The lines that stand about the land a barrier unseen?

Or is it guns that hold the coast, or ships that sweep  
the seas,

The flag that flaunts its glory in the racing of the  
breeze;

The chants of peace, or battle hymn, or dirge, or  
victor's song,

Or parchment screeed, or storied deed, that makes a  
nation strong?

What makes a nation? Is it ships or states or flags  
or guns?

Or is it that great common heart which beats in all  
her sons —



That deeper faith, that truer faith, the trust in one  
for all  
Which sets the goal for every soul that hears his  
country's call ?

This makes a nation great and strong and certain to  
endure,  
This subtle inner voice that thrills a man and makes  
him sure;  
Which makes him know there is no north or south or  
east or west,  
But that his land must ever stand the bravest and the  
best.

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## THE MORNING DRUM-CALL

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

The morning drum-call on my eager ear  
Thrills unforgotten yet; the morning dew  
Lies yet undried along my field of noon.  
But now I pause at whiles in what I do,  
And count the bell, and tremble lest I hear  
(My work untrimmed) the sunset gun too soon.

## THE CAPTURE OF A TROUT

RICHARD D. BLACKMORE

The trout knew nothing of all this. They had not tasted a worm for a month, except when a sod of the bank fell in, through cracks of the sun, and the way cold water has of licking upward. And even the flies had no favor at all; when they fell on the water, they fell flat, and on the palate they tasted hot, even under the bushes.

Hilary followed a path through the meadows, with the calm bright sunset casting his shadow over the shorn grass, or up in the hedge-road, or on the brown banks where the drought had struck. On his back he carried a fishing-basket, containing his bits of refreshment; and in his right hand a short springy rod, the absent sailor's favorite. After long council with Mabel, he had made up his mind to walk up stream, as far as the spot where two brooks met, and formed body enough for a fly flipped in very carefully to sail downward. Here he began, and the creak of his reel and the swish of his rod were music to him, after the whirl of London life.

The brook was as bright as the best cut-glass, and the twinkles of its shifting facets only made it seem more

clear. It twisted about a little, here and there; and the brink was fringed now and then with something, a clump of loose-strife, a tuft of avens, or a bed of flowering water-cress, or any other of the many plants that wash and look into the water. But the trout, the main object in view, were most objectionably too much in view. They scudded up the brook at the shadow of a hair, or even the tremble of a blade of grass; and no pacific assurance could make them even stop to be reasoned with.

"This won't do," said Hilary, who very often talked to himself, in lack of a better comrade; "I call this very hard upon me. The beggars won't rise till it is quite dark. I may just as well sit on a gate and think. No, I hate thinking now. There are troubles hanging over me, as sure as the tail of that comet grows. How I detest that comet! No wonder the fish won't rise. But if I have to strip and tickle them in the dark, I won't go back without some for her."

He was lucky enough to escape the weight of such horrible poaching upon his conscience; for suddenly to his ears was borne the most melodious of all sounds, the flop of a heavy fish sweetly jumping after some excellent fly or grub.

"Ha, my friend!" cried Hilary, "so you are up for your supper, are you? I myself will awake right early."

Still I behold the ring you made. If my right hand forget not its cunning, you shall form your next ring in the frying pan."

He gave that fish a little time to think of the beauty of that mouthful, and get ready for another; the while he was putting a white moth on, in lieu of his blue upright. He kept the grizzled palmer still for tail-fly, and he tried his knots, for he knew that this trout was a Triton.

Then, with a delicate sidling and stooping, known only to them that fish for trout in very bright water of the summer-time—compared with which art the coarse work of the salmon-fisher is as that of a scene-painter to Mr. Holman Hunt's—with, or in, and by a careful manner, not to be described to those who have never studied it, Hilary won access to the water, without any doubt in the mind of the fish concerning the prudence of appetite. Then he flipped his short collar in, not with a cast but a spring of the rod, and let his flies go quietly down a sharpish run into that good trout's hole.

The worthy trout looked at them both, and thought; for he had his own favorite spot for watching the world go by, as the rest of us have. So he let the grizzled palmer pass, within an inch of his upper lip; for it struck him that the tail turned up in a manner not wholly natural, or at any rate unwholesome. He looked at the white

moth, also, and thought that he had never seen one at all like it. So he went down under his root again, hugging himself upon his wisdom, never moving a fin, but oaring and helming his plump, spotted side with his tail.

"Upon my word, it is too bad!" said Hilary, after three beautiful throws, and exquisite management down stream: "Everything Kentish beats me hollow. Now, if that had been one of our trout, I would have laid my life upon catching him. One more throw, however. How would it be if I sunk my flies? That fellow is worth some patience."

While he was speaking, his flies alit on the glassy ripple, like gnats in their love-dance; and then by a turn of the wrist, he played them just below the surface and let them go gliding down the stickle, into the shelfy nook of shadow, where the big trout hovered. Under the surface, floating thus, with the check of ductile influence, the two flies spread their wings and quivered, like a centiplume moth in a spider's web. Still the old trout, calmly oaring, looked at them both suspiciously. Why should the same flies come so often, and why should they have such crooked tails, and could he be sure that he did not spy the shadow of a human hat about twelve yards up the water?

Revolving these things he might have lived to a venerable age—but for that noble ambition to teach, which

is fatal to even the wisest. A young fish, an insolent whipper-snapper, jumped in his babyish way at the palmer, and missed it through over-eagerness. "I'll show you the way to catch a fly," said the big trout to him; "open your mouth like this, my son."

With that he bolted the palmer, and threw up his tail and turned to go home again. Alas! his sweet home now shall know him no more. For suddenly he was surprised by a most disagreeable sense of grittiness, and then a keen stab in the roof of his mouth. He jumped, in his wrath, a foot out of the water, and then heavily plunged to the depths of his hole.

"You've got it, my friend," cried Hilary, in a tingle of fine emotions; "I hope the sailor's knots are tied with professional skill and care. You are a big one, and a clever one too. It is much if I ever land you. No net, or gaff, or anything. I only hope that there are no stakes here. Ah, there you go! Now comes the tug."

Away went the big trout down the stream, at a pace very hard to exaggerate, and after him rushed Hilary, knowing that his line was rather short, and that if it ran out, all was over. Keeping his eyes on the water only, and the headlong speed of the fugitive, headlong over a stake he fell, and took a deep wound from another stake. Scarcely feeling it, up he jumped, lifting his rod, which had fallen flat, and fearing to find no strain on it. "Aha,

he is not gone yet!" he cried, as the rod bowed like a springle-bow.

He was now a good hundred yards down the brook from the corner where the fight began. Through his swiftness of foot, and good management, the fish had never been able to tighten the line beyond yield of endurance. The bank had been free from bushes, or haply no skill could have saved him; but now they were come to a corner where a nut-bush quite overhung the stream.

"I am done for now," said the fisherman; "the villain knows too well what he is about. Here ends this adventure."

Full though he was of despair, he jumped anyhow into the water, kept the point of his rod close down, reeled up a little, as the fish felt weaker, and just cleared the drop of the hazel boughs. The water flapped into the pockets of his coat, and he saw red streaks flow downward. And then he plunged out to an open reach of shallow water and gravel slope.

"I ought to have you now," he said; "though nobody knows what a rogue you are; and a pretty dance you have led me!"

Doubting the strength of his tackle to lift even the dead weight of the fish, and much more to meet his despairing rally, he happily saw a little shallow gut, or backwater, where a small spring ran out. Into this by

a dexterous turn he rather led than pulled the fish, who was ready to rest for a minute or two; then he stuck his rod into the bank, ran down stream, and with his hat in both hands appeared at the only exit from the gut. It was all up now with the monarch of the brook. As he skipped and jumped, in the green of the grass, joy and glory of the highest merit, and gratitude, glowed in the heart of Lorraine. "Two and three-quarters you must weigh. And at your very best you are! How small your head is! And how bright your spots are!" he cried, as he gave him the stroke of grace. "You really have been a brave and fine fellow. I hope they will know how to fry you."

While he cut his fly out of this grand trout's mouth, he felt for the first time a pain in his knee, where the point of the stake had entered it. Under the buckle of his breeches blood was soaking away inside his gaiters; and then he saw how he had dyed the water.

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We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.



## ULYSSES

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

It little profits that an idle king,  
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
Unequal laws unto a savage race  
That hoard and sleep and feed and know not me.  
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink  
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed  
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those  
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when  
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
Vexed the dim sea: I am become a name;  
For always roaming with a hungry heart  
Much have I seen and known; cities of men  
And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
Myself not least, but honored of them all;  
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
I am a part of all that I have met;  
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough  
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades

Forever and forever when I move.  
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!  
 As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life  
 Were all too little, and of one to me  
 Little remains: but every hour is saved  
 From that eternal silence, something more,  
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were  
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire  
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,  
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:  
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners—  
 Souls that have toiled and wrought, and thought with  
 me —

That ever with a frolic welcome took  
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;  
 Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;  
 Death closes all; but something ere the end,  
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.  
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:  
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep  
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
 Of all the western stars, until I die.  
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
 Though much is taken, much abides: and though  
 We are not now that strength which in old days  
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;  
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

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We look before and after  
 And pine for what is not:  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell  
 of saddest thought.

—SHELLEY.

## THE HAPPY LIFE

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

I turn now to see the satisfaction which comes from physical exertion, including brain work. Everybody knows some form of activity which gives him satisfaction. Perhaps it is riding on a horse, or rowing a boat, or tramping all day through woods or along beaches with a gun on the shoulder, or climbing a mountain, or massing into a ball or bloom a paste of sticky iron in a puddling furnace, or wrestling with the handles of a plunging, staggering plough, or tugging at a boat's tiller when the breeze is fresh, or getting in hay before the shower.

There is real pleasure and exhilaration in bodily exertion, particularly with companionship (of men or animals) and competition. There is pleasure in the exertion even when it is pushed to the point of fatigue, as many a sportsman knows, and this pleasure is, in good measure, independent of the attainment of any practical end. There is pleasure in mere struggle, so it be not hopeless, and in overcoming resistance, obstacles, and hardships.

When to the pleasure of exertion is added the satisfaction of producing a new value, and the further satisfaction of earning a livelihood through that new value, we have the common pleasurable conditions of productive labor.

Every working man who is worth his salt, I care not whether he works with his hands and brains, or with his brains alone, takes satisfaction first in the working; secondly, in the product of his work; and thirdly, in what that product yields to him. The carpenter who takes no pleasure in the mantel he has made, the farm laborer who does not care for the crops he has cultivated, the weaver who takes no pride in the cloth he has woven, the engineer who takes no interest in the working of the engine he directs, is a monstrosity.

It is an objection to many forms of intellectual labor that their immediate product is intangible and often imperceptible. The fruit of mental labor is often diffused, remote, or subtile. It eludes measurement, and even observation. On the other hand, mental labor is more enjoyable than manual labor in the process. The essence of the joy lies in the doing, rather than in the result of the doing. There is a lifelong and solid satisfaction in any productive labor, manual or mental, which is not pushed beyond the limit of strength.

The difference between the various occupations of man in respect to yielding this satisfaction is much less than people suppose; for occupations become habitual in time, and the daily work of every calling gets to be so familiar that it may fairly be called monotonous. My occupation, for instance, offers, I believe, more variety than that of

most professional men ; yet I should say that nine-tenths of my work, from day to day, was routine work, presenting no more novelty, or fresh interest, to me than the work of a carpenter or blacksmith who is always making new things on old types presents to him.

The Oriental, hot climate figment that labor is a curse is contradicted by the experience of all progressive nations. The Teutonic stock owes everything that is great and inspiring in its destiny to its faculty of overcoming difficulties by hard work, and of taking heartfelt satisfaction in this victorious work. It is not the dawdlers and triflers who find life worth living ; it is the steady, strenuous, robust workers.

Once, when I was talking with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes about the best pleasures in life, he mentioned, as one of the most precious, frequent contact with quick and well-stored minds in large variety ; he valued highly the number, frequency, and variety of quickening, intellectual encounters. We were thinking of contact in conversation ; but this pleasure, if only to be procured by personal meetings, would obviously be within the reach, as a rule, of only a very limited number of persons.

Fortunately for us and for posterity, the cheap printing-press has put within easy reach of every man who can read all the best minds both of the past and the present. For one-tenth part of a year's wages a young mechanic

can buy, before he marries, a library of famous books which, if he masters, will make him a well-read man. For half-a-day's wages a clerk can provide himself with a weekly paper which will keep him informed for a year of all important current events. Public libraries, circulating libraries, school libraries, and book clubs nowadays bring much reading to the door of every household and every solitary creature that wants to read.

This is a new privilege for the mass of mankind; and it is an inexhaustible source of intellectual and spiritual nutriment. It seems as if this new privilege alone must alter the whole aspect of society in a few generations. Books are the quietest and most constant of friends; they are the most accessible and wisest of counsellors, and the most patient of teachers. With his daily work and his books, many a man, whom the world thought forlorn, has found life worth living.

It is a mistake to suppose that a great deal of leisure is necessary for this happy intercourse with books. Ten minutes a day devoted affectionately to good books — indeed to one book of the first order, like the English Bible or Shakespeare, or two or three books of the second order, like Homer, Virgil, Milton, or Bacon — will in thirty years make all the difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated man, between a man mentally rich and a man mentally poor.

## ON DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE

WILLIAM HAZLITT

Some persons are of so teasing and fidgetty a turn of mind, that they do not give you a moment's rest. Every thing goes wrong with them. They complain of a headache or the weather. They take up a book, and lay it down again—venture an opinion, and retract it before they have half done—offer to serve you, and prevent some one else from doing it. If you dine with them at a tavern, in order to be more at your ease, the fish is too little done—the sauce is not the right one; they ask for that which they think is not to be had, or if it is, after some trouble, procured, do not touch it; they give the waiter fifty contradictory orders, and are restless and sit on thorns the whole of dinner-time. All this is owing to a want of robust health, and of a strong spirit of enjoyment; it is a fastidious habit of mind, produced by a valetudinary habit of body; they are out of sorts with every thing, and of course their ill-humor and captiousness communicates itself to you, who are as little delighted with them as they are with other things.

Another sort of people, equally objectionable with this helpless class, who are disconcerted by a shower of rain



or stopped by an insect's wing, are those who, in the opposite spirit, will have every thing their own way, and carry all before them—who cannot brook the slightest shadow of opposition—who are always in the heat of an argument—who knit their brows and clench their teeth in some speculative discussion, as if they were engaged in a personal quarrel—and who, though successful over almost every competitor, seem still to resent the very offer of resistance to their supposed authority, and are as angry as if they had sustained some premeditated injury. There is an impatience of temper and an intolerance of opinion in this that conciliates neither our affection nor esteem.

There are persons who cannot make friends. Who are they? Those who cannot be friends. It is not the want of understanding, or good-nature, of entertaining or useful qualities, that you complain of: on the contrary, they have probably many points of attraction; but they have one that neutralizes all these—they care nothing about you, and are neither the better nor worse for what you think of them. They manifest no joy at your approach; and when you leave them, it is with a feeling that they can do just as well without you. This is not sullenness, nor indifference, nor absence of mind; but they are intent solely on their own thoughts, and you are merely one of the subjects they exercise them

upon. They live in society as in a solitude; and, however their brain works, their pulse beats neither faster nor slower for the common accidents of life. There is, therefore, something cold and repulsive in the air that is about them—like that of marble.

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## THE SCHOOL THAT BUILT A TOWN

WALTER HINES PAGE

The school, you understand, is not a mere workshop, nor is it a place to learn a trade. It does not make carpenters of boys nor cooks of girls. Nor does it make Greek scholars or poets or musicians of them. But it comes as near to making them the one thing as the other. It comes as near to making cooks and chemists and farmers as it comes to making scholars. For those high schools and colleges that teach only books and train only the mind and not the hands—*they* do not really make scholars as we used to suppose that they did. The utmost that they do is to teach the boy the rudiments of scholarship and the method of work by which, if he persist, he may some day become a scholar.

This school does the same thing in scholarship, but it does also a corresponding thing in hand-work. The old

kind of teachers simply fooled themselves and misled their pupils and the community when they assumed that their courses in literature and the like made scholars. And what a wasteful self-deception it was! In Northwood one boy may, if he persist, become a scholar; another a wheelwright; another a farmer; and so on. And it is found that by doing hand-work also the pupils do better head-work as well. It simply opens to all the intellectual life and the way to useful occupations at the same time.

There are two things that they are all taught in that school. They are taught to write a plain hand-writing, and they look upon a bad hand-writing as they look upon neglect of dress—it is the mark of a sloven. And they are all taught to write the English language in short clear sentences, so that anybody can understand what they write.

Now let us see how the people of Northwood themselves look at education. The simplicity of the work of the school is what first strikes you. And you find this same simplicity in the people's conception of education. They do not call it education. They call it training. They speak of a boy as trained in Greek or in metal-work; and of a girl as trained to sing or to draw or to cook. This frank and simple way of looking at school-work has changed their whole conception of education.

It has brushed away a vast amount of nonsense, and cleaned the mind of a great accumulation of cobwebs. For one thing nobody in that town makes addresses on the need of education. A man would as soon think of making an address on the necessity of the atmosphere, or of fuel, or of bread. And you never hear anything about elaborate systems of education, or the co-ordination of studies, or any such things.

They look at the trades and the professions in the same simple way. They say that one man has been trained as a physician, that another has been trained as a farmer, that another has been trained as a preacher, that another has been trained as a builder, another as a machinist; and they lay less stress on what a man chooses to do than upon the way in which he does it. It is respectable to have any calling you like, provided you are trained to it; but it isn't respectable to have any calling unless you are trained. The town for this reason is not divided into the same sort of sets and classes that you find in most towns. There is not one class that puts on airs and regards itself as the Educated Class, to which all other classes are supposed to pay deference. Of course some men read more books than others; some are more cultivated than others, and there are social divisions of the people there as there are the world over. But when everybody knows how to do something *well*,

a man who does one thing well enjoys no particular distinction. A jackleg lawyer cannot compel any great respect from a really scientific horse-shoer. The mastery of anything is a wonderful elevator of character and judgment.

Next to their simple and straightforward way of looking at education, what strikes you most about the people of Northwood is their universal interest in the school. Apparently everybody has now been trained there. But when one man thinks of the school he thinks of the library; another of the laboratory; another of the workshop; another of music; another of chemistry. Books are only one kind of tools, and the other kinds are co-ordinate with them. And everybody goes to the great school-house more or less often. The singers give their concerts there. I was there once when a young man gave a performance of a musical composition of his own, and at another time when a man showed the first bicycle that had been made in the town. In three months he had a bicycle factory.

Everybody is linked to the school by his work, and there is, therefore, no school party and no anti-school party in local politics. There is no social set that looks down on the school. The school built the town, and it is the town. It has grown beyond all social distinctions and religious differences and differences of personal fort-

une. It has united the people, and they look upon it as the training place in which everybody is interested alike, just as they look upon the court-house as the place where every man is on the same footing. The fathers of our liberties made the court-house every man's house. The equally important truth is that we must, in the same way, make the public school-house everybody's house before we can establish the right notion of education.

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## THE CLOUD

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
     From the seas and the streams;  
 I bear light shades for the leaves when laid  
     In their noonday dreams.  
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
     The sweet buds every one,  
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
     As she dances about the sun.  
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
     And whiten the green plains under,  
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
     And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers  
Lightning my pilot sits;  
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
It struggles and howls by fits;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The Spirit he loves remains;  
And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning-star shines dead;  
As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one morning may sit

In the light of its golden wings.  
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
     Its ardors of rest and love,           .  
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
     From the depth of heaven above,  
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,  
     As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,  
     Whom mortals call the moon,  
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
     By the midnight breezes strewn;  
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
     Which only the angels hear,  
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
     The stars peep behind her and peer;  
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
     Like a swarm of golden bees,  
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
     Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,  
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
     Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,  
     And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,



When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
     Over a torrent sea,  
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
     The mountains its columns be.  
 The triumphal arch through which I march,  
     With hurricane fire, and snow,  
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
     Is the million-colored bow;  
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,  
     While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
     And the nursling of the sky;  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
     I change, but I cannot die.  
 For after the rain, when with never a stain,  
     The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
 And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,  
     Build up the blue dome of air,  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
     And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
     I arise and unbuild it again.

## GEORGE THE THIRD

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

King George's household was a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable; it was frugal; it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. No wonder all the princes ran away from the lap of that dreary domestic virtue. It always rose, rode, dined at stated intervals. Day after day was the same. At the same hour at night the King kissed his daughters' jolly cheeks; the Princesses kissed their mother's hand; and Madame Thielke brought the royal nightcap. At the same hour the equerries and women in waiting had their little dinner, and cackled over their tea. The King had his backgammon or his evening concert; the equerries yawned themselves to death in the anteroom; or the King and his family walked on Windsor slopes, the King holding his darling little Princess Amelia by the hand; and the people crowded round quite good-naturedly; and the Eton boys thrust their chubby cheeks under the crowd's elbows; and the concert over, the King never failed to take his enormous cocked-hat off, and salute his band, and say, "Thank you, gentlemen."

A quieter household, a more prosaic life than this of Kew or Windsor, cannot be imagined. Rain or shine, the King rode every day for hours; poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about, and showed that shovel hat and Windsor uniform to farmers, to pig-boys, to old women making apple dumplings; to all sorts of people, gentle and simple, about whom countless stories are told. Nothing can be more undignified than these stories. When Haroun Alraschid visits a subject incog., the latter is sure to be very much the better for the caliph's magnificence. Old George showed no such royal splendor. He used to give a guinea sometimes; sometimes feel in his pockets and find he had no money; often ask a man a hundred questions; about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, about the rent he paid for his house, and ride on.

On one occasion he played the part of King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat with a string at a cottager's house. When the old woman came home, she found a paper with an enclosure of money, and a note written by the royal pencil: "Five guineas to buy a jack." It was not splendid, but it was kind and worthy of Farmer George. One day, when the King and Queen were walking together, they met a little boy—they were always fond of children, the good folks—and patted the little white head. "Whose little boy are you?" asks the

Windsor uniform. "I am the King's beefeater's little boy," replied the child. On which the King said, "Then kneel down, and kiss the Queen's hand." But the innocent offspring of the beefeater declined this treat. "No," said he, "I won't kneel, for if I do, I shall spoil my new breeches." The thrifty King ought to have hugged him and knighted him on the spot.

George's admirers wrote pages and pages of such stories about him. One morning, before anybody else was up, the King walked about Gloucester town; pushed over Molly the housemaid with her pail, who was scrubbing the doorsteps; ran upstairs and woke all the equerries in their bedrooms; and then trotted down to the bridge, where, by this time, a dozen of louts were assembled. "What! is this Gloucester New Bridge?" asked our gracious monarch; and the people answered him, "Yes, your Majesty." "Why, then, my boys," said he, "let us have a huzzay!" After giving them which intellectual gratification, he went home to breakfast. Our fathers read these simple tales with fond pleasure; laughed at these very small jokes; liked the old man who poked his nose into every cottage; who lived on plain wholesome roast and boiled; who despised your French kickshaws; who was a true hearty old English gentleman.

## THE GREAT WINTER

RICHARD D. BLACKMORE

It must have snowed most wonderfully to have made that depth of covering in about eight hours. For one of Master Stickles' men, who had been out all the night, said that no snow began to fall until nearly midnight. And here it was, blocking up the doors, stopping the ways, and the watercourses, and making it very much worse to walk than in a saw-pit newly used. However, we trudged along in a line; I first, and the other men after me; trying to keep my track, but finding legs and strength not up to it.

Most of all, John Fry was groaning; certain that his time was come, and sending messages to his wife, and blessings to his children. For all this time it was snowing harder than it ever had snowed before, so far as a man might guess at it; and the leaden depth of the sky came down, like a mine turned upside down on us. Not that the flakes were so very large; for I have seen much larger flakes in a shower of March, while sowing peas; but that there was no room between them, neither any relaxing, nor any change of direction.

Watch, like a good and faithful dog, followed us very

cheerfully, leaping out of the depth, which took him over his back and ears already, even in the level places; while in the drifts he might have sunk to any distance out of sight, and never found his way up again. However, we helped him now and then, especially through the gaps and gateways; and so after a deal of floundering and some laughter, we came all safe to the lower meadow, where most of our flock was hurdled.

But behold, there was no flock at all! None, I mean, to be seen anywhere; only at one corner of the field, by the eastern end, where the snow drove in, a great white billow, as high as a barn and as broad as a house. This great drift was rolling and curling beneath the violent blast, tufting and combing with rustling swirls, and carved (as in patterns of cornice) where the grooving chisel of the wind swept round. Ever and again, the tempest snatched little whiffs from the channelled edges, twirled them round, and made them dance over the chine of the monster pile, then let them lie like herring-bones, or the seams of sand where the tide had been. And all the while from the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at every blast, came the pelting pitiless arrows, winged with murky white, and pointed with barbs of frost.

But although, for people who had no sheep, the sight was a very fine one (so far at least as the weather permitted any sight at all); yet for us, with our flock be-



neath it, this great mount had but little charm. Watch began to scratch at once, and to howl along the sides of it; he knew that his charge was buried there, and his business taken from him. But we four men set to in earnest, digging with all our might and main, shovelling away at the great white pile, and fetching it into the meadow. Each man made for himself a cave, scooping at the soft cold flux, which slid upon him at every stroke, and throwing it out behind him, in piles of castled fancy. At last we drove our tunnels in (for we worked indeed for the lives of us), and all converging towards the middle, held our tools and listened.

The other men heard nothing at all; or declared that they heard nothing, being anxious now to abandon the matter, because of the chill in their feet and knees. But I said, "Go, if you choose, all of you. I will work it out by myself," and upon that they gripped their shovels, being more or less of Englishmen.

But before we began again, I laid my head well into the chamber; and there I heard a faint "ma-a-ah," coming through some ells of snow, like a plaintive buried hope, or a last appeal. I shouted aloud to cheer him up, for I knew what sheep it was, to wit the most valiant of all the wethers, who had met me when I came home from London, and been so glad to see me. And then we all fell to again; and very soon we hauled him



out. Watch took charge of him at once, with an air of the noblest patronage, lying on his frozen fleece, and licking all his face and feet, to restore his warmth to him. Then fighting Tom jumped up at once, and made a little butt at Watch, as if nothing had ever ailed him, and then set off to a shallow place, and looked for something to nibble at.

Farther in, and close under the bank, where they had huddled themselves for warmth, we found all the rest of the poor sheep packed as closely as if they were in a great pie. It was strange to observe how their vapor, and breath, and the moisture exuding from their wool had scooped, as it were, a coved room for them, lined with a ribbing of deep yellow snow. Also the churned snow beneath their feet was as yellow as gamboge. Two or three of the weaklier hoggets were dead, from want of air, and from pressure; but more than three-score were as lively as ever; though cramped and stiff for a little while.

"However shall us get 'em home?" John Fry asked in great dismay, when we had cleared about a dozen of them; which we were forced to do very carefully, so as not to fetch the roof down.

"You see to this place, John," I replied, as we leaned on our shovels a moment, and the sheep came rubbing round us: "let no more of them out for the present;

they are better where they be. Watch, here boy, keep them!"

Watch came, with his little scut of a tail cocked as sharp as duty; and I set him at the narrow mouth of the great snow antre. All the sheep sidled away, and got closer, that the other sheep might be bitten first, as the foolish things imagine: whereas no good sheep-dog even so much as lips a sheep to turn it.

Then of the outer sheep (all now snowed and frizzled like a lawyer's wig) I took the two finest and heaviest, and with one beneath my right arm, and the other beneath my left, I went straight home to the upper sheppey, and set them inside, and fastened them. Sixty and six I took home in that way, two at a time on each journey; and the work grew harder and harder each time, as the drifts of the snow were deepening. No other man should meddle with them: I was resolved to try my strength against the strength of the elements; and try it I did, ay and proved it. A certain fierce delight burned in me, as the struggle grew harder; but rather would I die than yield; and at last I finished it. People talk of it to this day: but none can tell what the labor was, who have not felt that snow and wind.

Of the sheep upon the mountain, and the sheep upon the western farm, and the cattle on the upper burrows, scarcely one in ten was saved; do what we would for

them. And this was not through any neglect (now that our wits were sharpened), but from the pure impossibility of finding them at all. That great snow never ceased a moment for three days and nights; and then when all the earth was filled, and the topmost hedges were unseen, and the trees broke down with weight (wherever the wind had not lightened them), a brilliant sun broke forth and showed the loss of all our customs.

All our house was quite snowed up, except where we had purged a way, by dint of constant shovellings. The kitchen was as dark and darker than the cider-cellar, and long lines of furrowed scollops ran even up to the chimney-stacks. Several windows fell right inwards, through the weight of the snow against them; and the few that stood bulged in, and bent like an old bruised lanthorn. We were obliged to cook by candle-light; we were forced to read by candle-light; as for baking, we could not do it, because the oven was too chill; and a load of faggots only brought a little wet down the sides of it.

For when the sun burst forth at last upon that world of white, what he brought was neither warmth, nor cheer, nor hope of softening; only a clearer shaft of cold, from the violet depths of the sky. Long-drawn alleys of white haze seemed to lead towards him, yet such as he could not come down, with any warmth re-

maining. Broad white curtains of the frost-fog looped around the lower sky, on the verge of hill and valley, and above the laden trees. Only round the sun himself, and the spot of heaven he claimed, clustered a bright purple-blue, clear, and calm, and deep.

That night, such a frost ensued as we had never dreamed of, neither read in ancient books, or histories of Frobisher. The kettle by the fire froze, and the crock upon the hearth-cheeks; many men were killed, and cattle rigid in their head-ropes. Then I heard that fearful sound, which never I had heard before, neither since have heard (except during that same winter), the sharp yet solemn sound of trees, burst open by the frost-blow. Our great walnut lost three branches, and has been dying ever since; though growing meanwhile, as the soul does. And the ancient oak at the cross was rent, and many score of ash trees. But why should I tell all this? the people who have not seen it (as I have) will only make faces, and disbelieve; till such another frost comes; which perhaps may never be.

This terrible weather kept Tom Faggus from coming near our house for weeks; at which indeed I was not vexed a quarter so much as Annie was; for I had never half approved of him, as a husband for my sister; in spite of his purchase from Squire Bassett, and the grant of the Royal pardon. It may be, however, that Annie

took the same view of my love for Lorna, and could not augur well of it; but if so, she held her peace, though I was not so sparing. For many things contributed to make me less good-humored now than my real nature was; and the very least of all these things would have been enough to make some people cross, and rude, and fractious. I mean the red and painful chapping of my face and hands, from working in the snow all day, and lying in the frost all night. For being of a fair complexion, and a ruddy nature, and pretty plump withal, and fed on plenty of hot victuals, and always forced by my mother to sit nearer the fire than I wished, it was wonderful to see how the cold ran revel on my cheeks and knuckles. And I feared that Lorna (if it should ever please God to stop the snowing) might take this for a proof of low and rustic blood and breeding.

And this I say was the smallest thing; for it was far more serious that we were losing half our stock, do all we would to shelter them. Even the horses in the stables (mustered altogether, for the sake of breath and steaming) had long icicles from their muzzles, almost every morning. But of all things the very gravest, to my apprehension, was the impossibility of hearing, or having any token, of or from my loved one. Not that those three days alone of snow (tremendous as it was) could have blocked the country so; but that the sky

had never ceased, for more than two days at a time, for full three weeks thereafter, to pour fresh piles of fleecy mantle; neither had the wind relaxed a single day from shaking them. As a rule, it snowed all day, cleared up at night, and froze intensely, with the stars as bright as jewels, earth spread out in lustrous twilight, and the sounds in the air as sharp and crackling as artillery; then in the morning snow again, before the sun could come to help.

It mattered not what way the wind was. Often and often the vanes went round, and we hoped for change of weather; the only change was that it seemed (if possible) to grow colder. Indeed, after a week or so, the wind would regularly box the compass (as the sailors call it) in the course of every day, following where the sun should be, as if to make a mock of him. And this of course immensely added to the peril of the drifts; because they shifted every day; and no skill or care might learn them.

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And whether you climb up the mountain or go down the hill to the valley, whether you journey to the end of the world or merely walk round your house, none but yourself shall you meet on the highway of fate.

—MAETERLINCK.

## WHO BIDES HIS TIME

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Who bides his time, and day by day  
Faces defeat full patiently,  
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,  
However poor his fortunes be,—  
He will not fail in any qualm  
Of poverty—the paltry dime  
It will grow golden in his palm,  
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet  
Of honey in the saltiest tear;  
And though he fares with slowest feet,  
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;  
The birds are heralds of his cause;  
And, like a never-ending rhyme,  
The roadsides bloom in his applause,  
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, and fevers not  
In the hot race that none achieves,

From "Afterwhiles," by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright 1887. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Shall wear cool-wreathen laurel, wrought  
 With crimson berries in the leaves ;  
 And he shall reign a goodly king,  
 And sway his hand o'er every clime,  
 With peace writ on his signet-ring,  
 Who bides his time.

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## OF STUDIES

FRANCIS BACON

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one ; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

To spend too much time in studies is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience ; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning, by study ; and studies themselves do



give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

## GERAINT WINS HIS BRIDE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Then rode Geraint, a little spleenful yet,  
Across the bridge that spann'd the dry ravine.  
There musing sat the hoary-headed earl—  
His dress a suit of fray'd magnificence,  
Once fit for feasts of ceremony—and said:  
“Whither, fair son?” to whom Geraint replied,  
“O friend, I seek a harborage for the night.”  
Then Yniol, “Enter therefore and partake  
The slender entertainment of a house  
Once rich, now poor, but ever open-door'd.”  
“Thanks, venerable friend,” replied Geraint;  
“So that ye do not serve me sparrow-hawks  
For supper, I will enter, I will eat  
With all the passion of a twelve hours' fast.”  
Then sigh'd and smiled the hoary-headed earl,  
And answer'd, “Graver cause than yours is mine  
To curse this hedgerow thief, the sparrow-hawk:  
But in, go in; for save yourself desire it,  
We will not touch upon him ev'n in jest.”

Then rode Geraint into the castle court,  
His charger trampling many a prickly star

Of sprouted thistle on the broken stones.  
 He look'd and saw that all was ruinous.  
 Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed with fern;  
 And here had fall'n a great part of a tower,  
 Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,  
 And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers:  
 And high above a piece of turret stair,  
 Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound  
 Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems  
 Claspt the gray walls with hairy-fibred arms,  
 And suck'd the joining of the stones, and look'd  
 A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove.

And while he waited in the castle court,  
 The voice of Enid, Yniol's daughter, rang  
 Clear thro' the open casement of the hall,  
 Singing; and as the sweet voice of a bird,  
 Heard by the lander in a lonely isle,  
 Moves him to think what kind of bird it is  
 That sings so delicately clear, and make  
 Conjecture of the plumage and the form,  
 So the sweet voice of Enid moved Geraint:  
 And made him like a man abroad at morn  
 When first the liquid note beloved of men  
 Comes flying over many a windy wave  
 To Britain, and in April suddenly

Breaks from a coppice gemm'd with green and red,  
And he suspends his converse with a friend,  
Or it may be the labor of his hands,  
To think or say, "There is the nightingale";  
So fared it with Geraint, who thought and said,  
"Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me."

It chanced the song that Enid sang was one  
Of Fortune and her wheel, and Enid sang:

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;  
Turn thy wild wheel thro' sunshine, storm, and cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

"Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

"Hark, by the bird's song ye may learn the nest,"  
Said Yniol; "enter quickly." Entering then,

Right o'er a mount of newly-fallen stones,  
 The dusky-rafter'd many-cobweb'd hall,  
 He found an ancient dame in dim brocade;  
 And near her, like a blossom vermeil-white  
 That lightly breaks a faded flower-sheath,  
 Moved the fair Enid, all in faded silk,  
 Her daughter. In a moment thought Geraint,  
 "Here, by God's rood, is the one maid for me."  
 But none spake word except the hoary earl:  
 "Enid, the good knight's horse stands in the court;  
 Take him to stall, and give him corn, and then  
 Go to the town and buy us flesh and wine;  
 And we will make us merry as we may.  
 Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great."

He spake: the prince, as Enid past him, fain  
 To follow, strode a stride, but Yniol caught  
 His purple scarf, and held, and said, "Forbear!  
 Rest! the good house, tho' ruin'd, O my son,  
 Endures not that her guest should serve himself."  
 And, reverencing the custom of the house,  
 Geraint, from utter courtesy, forbore.

So Enid took his charger to the stall,  
 And after went her way across the bridge,  
 And reach'd the town, and while the prince and earl

Yet spoke together, came again with one,  
 A youth that, following with a costrel, bore  
 The means of goodly welcome, flesh and wine.  
 And Enid brought sweet cakes to make them cheer,  
 And, in her veil enfolded, manchet bread.  
 And then, because their hall must also serve  
 For kitchen, boil'd the flesh, and spread the board,  
 And stood behind, and waited on the three.  
 And, seeing her so sweet and serviceable,  
 Geraint had longing in him evermore  
 To stoop and kiss the tender little thumb  
 That crost the trencher as she laid it down:  
 But after all had eaten, then Geraint,  
 For now the wine made summer in his veins,  
 Let his eye rove in following, or rest  
 On Enid at her lowly handmaid-work,  
 Now here, now there, about the dusky hall;  
 Then suddenly address the hoary earl:

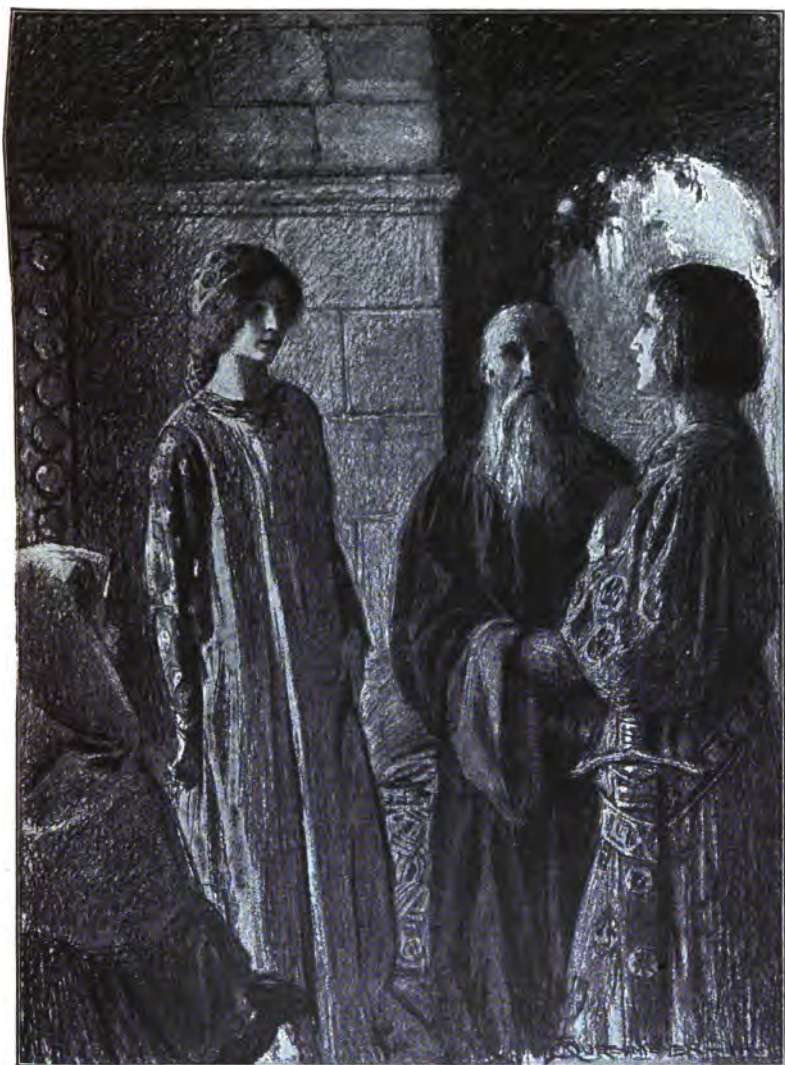
"Fair host and earl, I pray your courtesy;  
 This sparrow-hawk, what is he? tell me of him.  
 His name? but no, good faith, I will not have it:  
 For if he be the knight whom late I saw  
 Ride into that new fortress by your town,  
 White from the mason's hand, then have I sworn  
 From his own lips to have it—I am Geraint

Of Devon—for this morning, when the Queen  
 Sent her own maiden to demand the name,  
 His dwarf, a vicious under-shapen thing,  
 Struck at her with his whip, and she return'd  
 Indignant to the Queen; and then I swore  
 That I would track this caitiff to his hold,  
 And fight and break his pride, and have it of him.  
 And all unarm'd I rode, and thought to find  
 Arms in your town, where all the men are mad;  
 They take the rustic murmur of their bourg  
 For the great wave that echoes round the world;  
 They would not hear me speak: but if ye know  
 Where I can light on arms, or if yourself  
 Should have them, tell me, seeing I have sworn  
 That I will break his pride and learn his name,  
 Avenging this great insult done the Queen."

Then cried Earl Yniol: "Art thou he indeed,  
 Geraint, a name far-sounded among men  
 For noble deeds? and truly I, when first  
 I saw you moving by me on the bridge,  
 Felt ye were somewhat, yea, and by your state  
 And presence might have guess'd you one of those  
 That eat in Arthur's hall at Camelot.  
 Nor speak I now from foolish flattery;  
 For this dear child hath often heard me praise

Your feats of arms, and often when I paused  
 Hath ask'd again, and ever loved to hear;  
 So grateful is the noise of noble deeds  
 To noble hearts who see but acts of wrong.  
 O never yet had woman such a pair  
 Of suitors as this maiden: first Limours,  
 A creature wholly given to brawls and wine,  
 Drunk even when he woo'd; and be he dead  
 I know not, but he past to the wild land.  
 The second was your foe, the sparrow-hawk,  
 My curse, my nephew—I will not let his name  
 Slip from my lips if I can help it—he,  
 When I that knew him fierce and turbulent  
 Refused her to him, then his pride awoke;  
 And since the proud man often is the mean,  
 He sow'd a slander in the common ear,  
 Affirming that his father left him gold,  
 And in my charge, which was not render'd to him;  
 Bribed with large promises the men who served  
 About my person, the more easily  
 Because my means were somewhat broken into  
 Thro' open doors and hospitality,  
 Rais'd my own town against me in the night  
 Before my Enid's birthday, sack'd my house;  
 From mine own earldom foully ousted me;  
 Built that new fort to overawe my friends,





For truly there are those who love me yet;  
 And keeps me in this ruinous castle here,  
 Where doubtless he would put me soon to death  
 But that his pride too much despises me:  
 And I myself sometimes despise myself;  
 For I have let men be and have their way,  
 Am much too gentle, have not used my power;  
 Nor know I whether I be very base  
 Or very manful, whether very wise  
 Or very foolish: only this I know,  
 That whatsoever evil happen to me,  
 I seem to suffer nothing heart or limb,  
 But can endure it all most patiently."

"Well said, true heart," replied Geraint, "but arms;  
 That if the sparrow-hawk, this nephew, fight  
 In the next days' tourney I may break his pride."

. . . . .

And thither came the twain, and when Geraint  
 Beheld her first in field, awaiting him,  
 He felt, were she the prize of bodily force,  
 Himself beyond the rest pushing could move  
 The Chair of Idris. Yniol's rusted arms  
 Were on his princely person, but thro' these  
 Prince-like his bearing shone; and errant knights  
 And ladies came, and by and by the town

Flow'd in and settling circled all the lists.  
 And there they fixt the forks into the ground,  
 And over these they placed the silver wand,  
 And over that the golden sparrow-hawk.  
 Then Yniol's nephew, after trumpet blow,  
 Spake to the lady with him and proclaim'd,  
 "Advance and take, the fairest of the fair,  
 What I these two years past have won for thee,  
 The prize of beauty." Loudly spake the prince,  
 "Forbear: there is a worthier," and the knight  
 With some surprise and thrice as much disdain  
 Turn'd, and beheld the four, and all his face  
 Glow'd like the heart of a great fire at Yule,  
 So burnt he was with passion, crying out,  
 "Do battle for it then," no more; and thrice  
 They clash'd together, and thrice they brake their spears,  
 Then each, dishorsed and drawing, lash'd at each  
 So often and with such blows that all the crowd  
 Wonder'd, and now and then from distant walls  
 There came a clapping as of phantom hands.  
 So twice they fought, and twice they breathed, and still  
 The dew of their great labor and the blood  
 Of their strong bodies, flowing, drain'd their force.  
 But either's force was match'd till Yniol's cry,  
 "Remember that great insult done the Queen,"  
 Increased Geraint's, who heaved his blade aloft,

And crack'd the helmet thro', and bit the bone,  
And fell'd him, and set foot upon his breast,  
And said, "Thy name?" To whom the fallen man  
Made answer, groaning: "Edyrn, son of Nudd!  
Ashamed am I that I should tell it thee.  
My pride is broken: men have seen my fall."  
"Then, Edyrn, son of Nudd," replied Geraint,  
"These two things shalt thou do, or else thou diest.  
First, thou thyself, with damsel and with dwarf,  
Shalt ride to Arthur's court and, coming there,  
Crave pardon for that insult done the Queen,  
And shalt abide her judgment on it; next,  
Thou shalt give back their earldom to thy kin.  
These two things shalt thou do, or thou shalt die."  
And Edyrn answer'd, "These things will I do,  
For I have never yet been overthrown,  
And thou hast overthrown me, and my pride  
Is broken down, for Enid sees my fall!"  
And rising up he rode to Arthur's court,  
And there the Queen forgave him easily.  
And, being young, he changed and came to loathe  
His crime of traitor, slowly drew himself  
Bright from his old dark life, and fell at last  
In the great battle fighting for the King.

## WHAT BOOKS WILL DO FOR US

J. L. SPALDING

Books are a world—they interest and amuse us; they speak to the mind and the heart; they divert from care and sorrow; they awaken the fancy and set the imagination afire. They take us round the globe, travel with us through every land, ready at a sign to recount the rise and fall of nations; they linger with us in quiet vales to tell the stories of happy lovers or to rechant the songs of poets.

In the agora or forum they crave our silence while Demosthenes hurls his fierce invective or Cicero marshals the stately phrases of his lofty discourse. They transform ruins and make them loom before us in all their early splendor; from battlefields where waves the ripening grain, they evoke contending armies with all the pomp and circumstance of war.

They bring to us, while we sit in our easy chair, before our own hearthfire, the men and women who have served and ennobled mankind,—those who have made history, founded religions, framed laws, upbuilt states, created arts and sciences, taught philosophies, withstood tyrants, and endured infinitely.

They are many worlds—they take us back to the paradisaal home; they lead us to the promised land. At their bidding blind Homer grasps his harp and the Grecian hosts assemble on the windy plains of Troy. The unyoked steeds champ the golden grain beneath the starlit heavens. Hector falls before Achilles, and Priam kisses the hand which slew his son, making us feel that thousands of years ago, as now, love was more divine than strength, pity more godlike than power.

To whatever spot on earth is memorable, books will take us. To whoever is in any way capable of human life, they bring refreshment and joy. In the endless variety of races and individuals, of tastes and opinions, they have wherewith to satisfy all. Is there a world to which poets do not offer themselves as guides? They dip their pens in the colors of the dawn and the twilight. The young hear them chant the praises of immortal love; and the strong, the all-subduing power of will; the old, the peace of restful death.

They take our every mood; they laugh, they weep, they mock; and suddenly they are afire with the courage of heroes, or are rapt in ecstasy with saints and martyrs. They are the trumpeters of patriots who battle for their country, and to nursing mothers they sing low lullabies.

In the presence of the tragedies which try great souls, they take us by the hand to show us that the innocent

can suffer no wrong, and that a brave and loving heart is superior to whatever fate or senseless nature may inflict. They humanize all common things, entwining their tender thoughts about broken toys and vacant chairs and locks of faded hair. The bucket that hangs in the well, the deserted house, with its door ajar, the path choked with weeds, whisper to them of joys and sorrows, of effort and failure, of life and death. Whatever hope or despair, faith or doubt, love or hate, ecstasy or agony, has touched a mortal, lies in books, immortal.

All that men have planned and done, all that they have dared and borne,—their dreams and errors, their gropings and wanderings, their searchings for what others have found after they themselves had crumbled to dust, the miserable outcome of mighty undertakings, the vast results of insignificant beginnings, the rise of obscure tribes to world power, the sinking of great nations into nothingness,—all this lies in books. They are for every age, for every type, for every mood.

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Courage for the great sorrows of life and patience for the small ones. And when you have laboriously accomplished your daily task, go to sleep in peace. God is awake.

—VICTOR HUGO.

## THE BELLS

EDGAR ALLAN POE

### I

Hear the sledges with the bells—  
    Silver bells!  
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
    How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
        In the icy air of night!  
While the stars, that oversprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
    With a crystalline delight;  
    Keeping time, time, time,  
    In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
    From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
        Bells, bells, bells—  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

### II

Hear the mellow wedding bells—  
    Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!  
    Through the balmy air of night  
    How they ring out their delight!



From the molten-golden notes,  
 And all in tune,  
 What a liquid ditty floats  
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
 On the moon!  
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
 How it swells!  
 How it dwells  
 On the Future! how it tells  
 Of the rapture that impels  
 To the swinging and the ringing  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells—  
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

## III

Hear the loud alarum bells—  
 Brazen bells!  
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!  
 In the startled ear of night  
 How they scream out their affright!  
 Too much horrified to speak,  
 They can only shriek, shriek,  
 Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,  
     Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
     With a desperate desire,  
     And a resolute endeavor  
     Now—now to sit or never,  
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
     Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
     What a tale their terror tells  
     Of Despair!  
     How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
     What a horror they outpour  
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!  
     Yet the ear it fully knows,  
     By the twanging  
     And the clanging,  
     How the danger ebbs and flows;  
     Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
     In the jangling  
     And the wrangling,  
     How the danger sinks and swells,—  
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,  
     Of the bells—  
     Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
     Bells, bells, bells—  
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

## IV

Hear the tolling of the bells—

Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!

In the silence of the night

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people,

They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone—

They are neither man nor woman,

They are neither brute nor human,

They are Ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A pæan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells!  
 And he dances, and he yells;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
     To the pæan of the bells,  
         Of the bells:—  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
     To the throbbing of the bells—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells—  
     To the sobbing of the bells:—  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
     As he knells, knells, knells,  
 In a happy Runic rhyme,  
     To the rolling of the bells—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells:  
     To the tolling of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
     Bells, bells, bells—  
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

## RIGHT TRAINING FOR EXCELLENCE

PLATO

According to my view, he who would be good at any thing must practice that thing from his youth upwards, both in sport and earnest, in the particular manner which the work requires; for example, he who is to be a good builder, should play at building children's houses; and he who is to be a good husbandman, at tilling the ground; those who have the care of their education should provide them when young with mimic tools. And they should learn beforehand the knowledge which they will afterwards require for their art. For example, the future carpenter should learn to measure or apply the line in play; and the future warrior should learn riding, or some other exercise for amusement, and the teacher should endeavor to direct the children's inclinations and pleasures by the help of amusements, to their final aim in life. The most important part of education is right training in the nursery. The soul of the child in his play should be trained to that sort of excellence, in which, when he grows up to manhood, he will have to be perfected.

At present, when we speak in terms of praise or blame about the bringing-up of each person, we call one man educated and another uneducated, although the uneducated man may be sometimes very well educated for the calling of a retail trader, or of a captain of a ship, and the like. For we are not speaking of education in this narrower sense, but of that other education in virtue from youth upwards, which makes a man eagerly pursue the ideal perfection of citizenship, and teaches him how rightly to rule and how to obey. This is the only education which, upon our view, deserves the name; that other sort of training, which aims at the acquisition of wealth or bodily strength, or mere cleverness apart from intelligence and justice, is mean and illiberal, and is not worthy to be called education at all. But let us not quarrel with one another about a word, provided that the proposition which has just been granted hold good; to wit, that those who are rightly educated generally become good men.

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Eighty years hence it will matter little whether we were a peasant or a peer, but it will matter much whether we did our duty as one or the other.

—STOPFORD A. BROOKE

## THE FINER VIBRATIONS

HELEN KELLER

The loftier and grander vibrations which appeal to my emotions are varied and abundant. I listen with awe to the roll of the thunder and the muffled avalanche of sound when the sea flings itself upon the shore. And I love the instrument by which all the diapasons of the ocean are caught and released in surging floods—the many-voiced organ. If music could be seen, I could point where the organ notes go, as they rise and fall, climb up and up, rock and sway, now loud and deep, now high and stormy, anon soft and solemn, with lighter vibrations interspersed between and running across them. I could say that organ music fills to an ecstasy the act of feeling.

There is tangible delight in other instruments, too. The violin seems beautifully alive as it responds to the lightest wish of the master. The distinction between its notes is more delicate than between the notes of the piano.

I enjoy the music of the piano most when I touch the instrument. If I keep my hand on the piano-case, I de-

tect tiny quavers, returns of melody, and the hush that follows. This explains to me how sound can die away to the listening ear:

. . . How thin and clear,  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

I am able to follow the dominant spirit and mood of the music. I catch the joyous dance as it bounds over the keys, the slow dirge, the reverie. I thrill to the fiery sweep of notes crossed by the thunderous tones of the "Walkure," where Wotan kindles the dread flames that guard the sleeping Brunhild. How wonderful is the instrument on which a great musician sings with his hands! I have never succeeded in distinguishing one composition from another. I think this is possible; but the concentration and strain upon my attention would be so great that I doubt if the pleasure derived would be commensurate to the effort.

Nor can I distinguish easily a tune that is sung. But by placing my hand on another's throat and cheek, I enjoy the changes of the voice. I know when it is low or high, clear or muffled, sad or cheery. The thin, quavering sensation of an old voice differs in my touch from



the sensation of a young voice. A Southerner's drawl is quite unlike the Yankee twang. Sometimes the flow and ebb of a voice is so enchanting that my fingers quiver with exquisite pleasure, even if I do not understand a word that is spoken.

On the other hand, I am exceedingly sensitive to the harshness of noises like grinding, scraping, and the hoarse creak of rusty locks. Fog-whistles are vibratory nightmares. I have stood near a bridge in process of construction, and felt the tactual din, the rattle of heavy masses of stone, the roll of loosened earth, the rumble of engines, the dumping of dirt-cars, the triple blows of vulcan hammers. I can smell the fire-pots, the tar and cement. So I have a vivid idea of mighty labors in steel and stone, and I believe that I am acquainted with all the fiendish noises which can be made by man or machinery. The whack of heavy falling bodies, the sudden shivering splinter of chopped logs, the crystal shatter of pounded ice, the crash of a tree hurled to the earth by a hurricane, the irrational, persistent chaos of noise made by the switching freight-trains, the explosion of gas, the blasting of stone, and the terrific grinding of rock upon rock which precedes the collapse—all these have been in my touch experience, and contribute to my idea of Bedlam, of a battle, a waterspout, an earthquake, and other enormous accumulations of sound.

Touch brings me into contact with the traffic and manifold activity of the city. Besides the bustle and crowding of people and the nondescript grating and electric howling of street-cars, I am conscious of exhalations from many different kinds of shops; from automobiles, drays, horses, fruit stands, and many varieties of smoke.

Odors strange and musty,  
 The air sharp and dusty  
 With lime and with sand,  
 That no one can stand,  
 Make the street impassable,  
 The people irascible,  
 Until every one cries,  
     As he trembling goes  
 With the sight of his eyes  
     And the scent of his nose  
 Quite stopped—or at least much diminished—  
 “Gracious! when will this city be finished?”

The city is interesting; but the tactual silence of the country is always most welcome after the din of the town and the irritating concussions of the train. How noiseless and undisturbing are the demolition, the repairs and the alterations of nature! With no sound of hammer or saw or stone severed from stone, but a



music of rustles and ripe thumps on the grass come the fluttering leaves and mellow fruits which the wind tumbles all day from the branches. Silently all droops, all withers, all is poured back into the earth that it may recreate; all sleeps while the busy architects of day and night ply their silent work elsewhere.

The same serenity reigns when all at once the soil yields up a newly wrought creation. Softly the ocean of grass, moss, and flowers rolls surge upon surge across the earth. Curtains of foliage drape the bare branches. Great trees make ready in their sturdy hearts to receive again birds which occupy their spacious chambers to the south and west. Nay, there is no place so lowly that it may not lodge some happy creature. The meadow brook undoes its icy fetters with rippling notes, gurgles, and runs free. And all this is wrought in less than two months to the music of nature's orchestra, in the midst of balmy incense.

The thousand soft voices of the earth have truly found their way to me—the small rustle in tufts of grass, the silky swish of leaves, the buzz of insects, the hum of bees in blossoms I have plucked, the flutter of a bird's wings after his bath, and the slender rippling vibrations of water running over pebbles. Once having been felt, these loved voices rustle, buzz, hum, flutter, and ripple in my thought forever, an undying part of happy memories.

Between my experiences and the experiences of others there is no gulf of mute space which I may not bridge. For I have endless varied, instructive contacts with all the world, with life, with the atmosphere whose radiant activity enfolds us all. The thrilling energy of the all-encasing air is warm and rapturous. Heat-waves and sound-waves play upon my face in infinite variety and combination, until I am able to surmise what must be the myriad sounds that my senseless ears have not heard.

The air varies in different regions, at different seasons of the year, and even different hours of the day. The odorous fresh sea-breezes are distinct from the fitful breezes along river banks, which are humid and freighted with inland smells. The bracing, light, dry air of the mountains can never be mistaken for the pungent salt air of the ocean. The rain of winter is dense, hard, compressed. In the spring it has new vitality. It is light, mobile, and laden with a thousand palpitating odors from earth, grass, and sprouting leaves. The air of mid-summer is dense, saturated, or dry and burning, as if it came from a furnace. When a cool breeze brushes the sultry stillness, it brings fewer odors than in May, and frequently the odor of a coming tempest. The avalanche of coolness which sweeps through the low-hanging air bears little resemblance to the stinging coolness of winter.

The rain of winter is raw, without odor and dismal.

The rain of spring is brisk, fragrant, charged with life-giving warmth. I welcome it delightedly as it visits the earth, enriches the streams, waters the hills abundantly, makes the furrows soft with showers for the seed, elicits a perfume which I cannot breathe deep enough. Spring rain is beautiful, impartial, lovable. With pearly drops it washes every leaf on tree and bush, ministers equally to salutary herbs and noxious growths, searches out every living thing that needs its beneficence.

The senses assist and reinforce each other to such an extent that I am not sure whether touch or smell tells me the most about the world. Everywhere the river of touch is joined by the brooks of odorous-perception. Each season has its distinctive odors. The spring is earthy and full of sap. July is rich with the odor of ripening grain and hay. As the season advances, a crisp, dry, mature odor predominates, and golden-rod, tansy, and everlastings mark the onward march of the year. In autumn, soft, alluring scents fill the air, floating from thicket, grass, flower, and tree, and they tell me of time and change, of death and life's renewal, desire and its fulfilment.

MONSIEUR MELANCHOLY FINDS ORLANDO  
IN LOVE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Jaques.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orlando.* And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God b' wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

*Jaq.* What stature is she?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers! Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

*Orl.* Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a Fool when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brook; look but in and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.



“LET US HAVE PEACE”

*U. S. Grant—July 23, 1885*

H. C. BUNNER

His name was a sword and a shield,  
His words were armed men,  
He mowed his foemen as a field  
Of wheat is mowed—and then  
Set his strong hand to make the shorn earth smile again.

Not in the whirlwind of his fight,  
The unbroken line of war,  
Did he the best battle for the right—  
His victory was more :  
Peace was his triumph, greater far than all before.

Who in the spirit and love of peace  
Takes sadly up the blade,  
Makes war on war, that wars may cease—  
He striveth undismayed,  
And in the eternal strength his mortal strength is stayed.

Peace, that he conquered for our sake—  
This is his honor, dead.

We saw the clouds of battle break  
 To glory o'er his head—  
 But brighter shone the light about his dying bed.

Dead is thy warrior, King of 'Life,  
 Take thou his spirit flown;  
 The prayer of them that knew his strife  
 Goes upward to thy throne—  
 Peace be to him who fought—and fought for Peace alone.

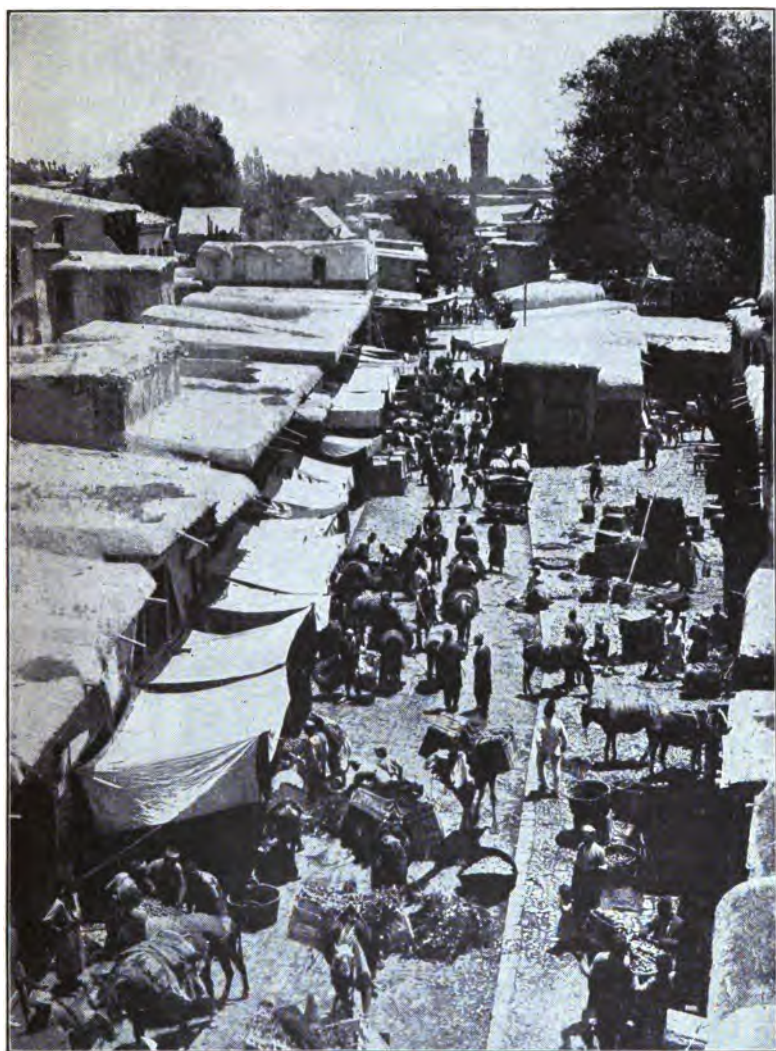
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## DAMASCUS

HENRY VAN DYKE

Damascus is the oldest living city in the world; no one knows her birthday or her founder's name. She has survived the empires and kingdoms which conquered her,—Nineveh, Babylon, Samaria, Greece, Egypt—their capitals are dust, but Damascus still blooms "like a tree planted by the rivers of water." She has given her name to the reddest of roses, the sweetest of plums, the richest of metal-work, and the most lustrous of silks; her streets have bubbled and eddied with the currents of

the multitudinous folk  
 That do inhabit her and make her great.



She is the typical city, pure and simple, of the Orient, as New York or San Francisco is of the Occident: the open port on the edge of the desert, the trading-booth at the foot of the mountains, the pavilion in the heart of the blossoming bower,—the wonderful child of a little river and an immemorial Spirit of Place.

Every time we go into the city, we step at once into a chapter of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." It is true, there are electric lights and there is a trolley-car crawling around the city; but they no more make it Western and modern than a bead necklace would change the character of the Venus of Milo. The driver of the trolley-car looks like one of "The Three Calenders," and a gayly dressed little boy beside him blows loudly on an instrument of discord as the machine tranquilly advances through the crowd.

The crowd itself is of the most indescribable and engaging variety and vivacity. The Turkish soldiers in dark uniform and red fez; the cheerful, grinning water-carriers with their dripping, bulbous goat-skins on their backs; the white-turbaned Druses with their bold, clean-cut faces; the bronzed, impassive sons of the desert, with their flowing mantles and bright head-cloths held on by thick, dark rolls of camel's hair; the rich merchants in their silken robes of many colors; the picturesquely ragged beggars; the Moslem pilgrims washing their heads

and feet, with much splashing, at the pools in the marble courtyards of the mosques; the merry children, running on errands or playing with the water that gushes from many a spout at the corner of a street or on a wall of a house; the veiled Mohammedan women slipping silently through the throng, or bending over trinkets or fabrics in some open-fronted shop, lifting the veil for a moment to show an olive-tinted cheek and a pair of long, liquid brown eyes; the bearded Greek priests in their black robes and cylinder hats; the Christian women wrapped in their long white sheets, but with their pretty faces uncovered, and a red rose or a white jasmine stuck among their smooth, shining black tresses; the seller of lemonade with his gayly decorated glass vessel on his back and his clinking brass cups in his hand, shouting, "A remedy for the heat."—"Cheer up your hearts."—"Take care of your teeth"; the boy peddling bread, with an immense tray of thin, flat loaves on his head, crying continually to Allah to send him customers; the seller of turnip-pickle with a huge pink globe upon his shoulder looking like the inside of a pale watermelon; the donkeys pattering along between fat burdens of grass or charcoal; a much-bedizened horseman with embroidered saddle-cloth and glittering bridle, riding silent and haughty through the crowd as if it did not exist; a victoria dashing along the street at a trot, with a whip

cracking like a pack of firecrackers, and shouts of, "O boy! Look out for your back! your foot! your side!" —all these figures are mingled in a passing show of which we never grow weary.

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## WORK

HENRY VAN DYKE

Let me but do my work from day to day,  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,  
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;  
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,  
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best.

## IN SUCH A NIGHT

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SCENE.—*Avenue to Portia's House.*

*Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.*

*Lorenzo.* The moon shines bright. In such a night as  
this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
And they did make no noise,—in such a night  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jessica.*

In such a night

Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,  
And ran dismayed away.

*Lor.*

In such a night

Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jess.*

In such a night

Medea gathered the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

*Lor.* In such a night  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,  
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice  
As far as Belmont.

*Jess.* In such a night  
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* In such a night  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jess.* I would out-night you, did nobody come;  
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter Stephano.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

*Stephano.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you,  
friend?

*Steph.* Stephano is my name; and I bring word  
My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about  
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.

*Lor.* Who comes with her?

*Steph.* None but a holy hermit and her maid.  
I pray you, is my master yet returned?



*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—  
 But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
 And ceremoniously let us prepare  
 Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter Launcelot.*

*Launcelot.* Sola,<sup>1</sup> sola! wo, ha, ho! sola, sola!

*Lor.* Who calls?

*Laun.* Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo and Mistress  
 Lorenzo?—sola, sola!

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man;—here.

*Laun.* Sola! where? where?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him there's a post come from my master,  
 with his horn full of good news: my master will be  
 here ere morning. [*Exit.*]

*Lor.* Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their  
 coming.

And yet no matter: why should we go in?—

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

Within the house, your mistress is at hand;

And bring your music forth into the air.—

[*Exit Stephano.*]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music

<sup>1</sup> The postman used to carry a horn, and blow it to give notice of his coming on approaching a place where he had something to deliver. Launcelot is here imitating the notes of the horn.

Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven  
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins :

Such harmony is in immortal souls ;

But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho ! and wake Diana with a hymn :

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,

And draw her home with music. [*Music.*]

*Jess.* I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive :

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood,

If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,

Or any air of music touch their ears,

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze

By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
 But music for the time doth change his nature.  
 The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus.  
 Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

*Enter Portia and Nerissa.*

*Portia.* That light we see is burning in my hall.  
 How far that little candle throws his beams!  
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

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## THE WORLD'S BEST COMPANY

JOHN RUSKIN

The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones,—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-

telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history,—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age. We ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print.

Our friend's letter may be delightful or necessary to-day,—whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast-time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day; so, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns and roads and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read."

A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing, and written not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could he would,—the volume is

mere multiplication of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would. You write instead; that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it.

The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing or group of things manifest to him,—this, the piece of true knowledge or sight which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever, engrave it on rock if he could, saying, “This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate and drank and slept, loved and hated, like another. My life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew,—this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.” This is his “writing”; it is in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription or scripture. That is a “Book.”

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty or at all in kindness, or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I

hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments,—ill done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

Now, books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men,—by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice ; and Life is short. You have heard as much before ; yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities ? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that ; that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow ? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings ; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days,—the chosen and the mighty of every place and time ? Into that you may enter always ; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish ; from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault ; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own

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inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the dead.

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## HOW TO BEGIN THE DAY

MARCUS AURELIUS

Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet this day with the busybody, the ungrateful, the arrogant, deceitful, envious, unsocial. All these things happen to them by reason of their ignorance of what is good and evil. But I who have seen the nature of the good, that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, can neither be injured by any of them,—for no one can fix on me what is ugly,—nor can I be angry with my neighbor, nor hate him. We are made for co-operation. To act against one another, then, is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and turn away.

## HERVÉ RIEL

ROBERT BROWNING

### I

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-  
two,

Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!  
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the  
blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks  
pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the  
Rance,

With the English fleet in view.

### II

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full  
chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Dam-  
freville;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signalled to the place,



"Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or,  
quicker still,

Here's the English can and will!"

### III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on  
board;

"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to  
pass?" laughed they:

"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred  
and scored,

Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty  
guns

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow  
way,

Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,  
And with flow at full beside?

Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,  
While rock stands or water runs,  
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

### IV

Then was called a council straight.  
Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English, at our heels; would you have them  
take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and  
bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the  
beach!

France must undergo her fate.

v

"Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all  
these

—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second,  
third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the  
fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.



## VI

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cried  
Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,  
fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the sound-  
ings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell  
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disem-  
bogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's  
for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than  
fifty Hagues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me  
there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this 'Formidable' clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know  
well,

Right to Solidor past Grève,  
 And there lay them safe and sound;  
 And if one ship misbehave,  
 —Keel so much as grate the ground,  
 Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries  
 Hervé Riel.

## VII

Not a minute more to wait.  
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!  
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried  
 its chief.  
 Captains, give the sailor place!  
 He is Admiral, in brief.  
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace!  
 See the noble fellow's face  
 As the big ship, with a bound,  
 Clears the entry like a hound,  
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's  
 profound!  
 See, safe through shoal and rock,  
 How they follow in a flock,  
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the  
 ground,  
 Not a spar that comes to grief!  
 The peril, see, is past,

All are harbored to the last,  
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,  
 Up the English come—too late!

## VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm:  
 They see the green trees wave  
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.  
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.  
 "Just our rapture to enhance,  
     Let the English rake the bay,  
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance  
     As they cannonade away!  
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"  
 How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's counte-  
     nance!  
 Out burst all with one accord,  
     "This is Paradise for Hell!  
     Let France, let France's King  
     Thank the man that did the thing!"  
 What a shout, and all one word,  
     "Hervé Riel!"  
 As he stepped in front once more,  
     Not a symptom of surprise  
     In the frank blue Breton eyes,  
 Just the same man as before.

## IX

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,  
 I must speak out at the end,  
 Though I find the speaking hard.  
 Praise is deeper than the lips:  
 You have saved the King his ships,  
 You must name your own reward.  
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!  
 Demand whate'er you will,  
 France remains your debtor still.  
 Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Dam-  
 freville."

## X

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
 As the honest heart laughed through  
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:  
 "Since I needs must say my say,  
 Since on board the duty's done,  
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a  
 run?—  
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may—  
 Since the others go ashore—  
 Come! A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle  
Aurore!"

That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

# XI

Name and deed alike are lost:

Not a pillar nor a post

In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell:

Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing-smack,

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence Eng-  
land bore the bell.

Go to Paris: rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank!

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé  
Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle  
Aurore!



## EMERSON

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

I think it was Emerson himself who opened his door to me, for I have a vision of the fine old man standing tall on his threshold, with the card in his hand, and looking from it to me with a vague serenity, while I waited a moment on the door-step below him. He must then have been about sixty, but I remember nothing of age in his aspect, though I have called him an old man. His hair, I am sure, was still entirely dark, and his face had a kind of marble youthfulness, chiselled to a delicate intelligence by the highest and noblest thinking that any man has done. There was a strange charm in Emerson's eye, which I felt then and always, something like that I saw in Lincoln's, but shyer, but sweeter and less sad. His smile was the very sweetest I have ever beheld, and the contour of the mask and the line of the profile were in keeping with this incomparable sweetness of the mouth, at once grave and quaint, though quaint is not quite the word for it either, but subtly, not unkindly arch, which again is not the word.

## THE DEBT THAT EVERY ONE MUST PAY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread-ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or rather, it is a harpoon hurled at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and, if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain or to sink the boat.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons; of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get

it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

All the old abuses in society, universal and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrates, the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every generous soul to impose on itself tasks of noble asceticism and vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters according to its nature their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is the part of prudence to face every

claimant and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for first or last you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base,—and that is the one base thing in the universe,—to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

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If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
 I shall not live in vain:  
 If I can ease one life the aching,  
 Or cool one pain,  
 Or help one fainting robin  
 Unto his nest again,  
 I shall not live in vain.

EMILY DICKINSON.

## THE RHODORA

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

*On being asked, whence is the flower?*

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,  
Made the black water with their beauty gay;  
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:  
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!  
I never thought to ask, I never knew:  
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

## EMERSON IN YOSEMITE

JOHN MUIR

During my first years in the Sierra I was ever calling on everybody within reach to admire them, but I found no one half warm enough until Emerson came. I had read his essays, and felt sure that of all men he would best interpret the sayings of these noble mountains and trees. Nor was my faith weakened when I met him in Yosemite. He seemed as serene as a sequoia, his head in the empyrean; and forgetting his age, plans, duties, ties of every sort, I proposed an immeasurable camping trip back in the heart of the mountains. He seemed anxious to go, but considerately mentioned his party.

"Never mind," I said. "The mountains are calling; run away, and let plans and parties and dragging lowland duties all 'gang tapsal-teerie.' We'll go up a cañon singing your own song, 'Good-by, proud world! I'm going home,' in divine earnest. Up there lies a new heaven and a new earth; let us go to the show." But alas, it was too late,—too near the sundown of his life. The shadows were growing long, and he leaned on his friends.

After spending only five tourist days in Yosemite he was led away; but I saw him two days more, for I was kindly invited to go with the party as far as the Mariposa

big trees. I told Mr. Emerson that I would gladly go to the sequoias with him, if he would camp in the grove. He consented heartily, and I felt sure that we would have at least one good wild memorable night around a sequoia camp-fire.

Next day we rode through the magnificent forests of the Merced basin, and I kept calling his attention to the sugar pines, quoting his wood notes, "Come listen what the pine tree saith," pointing out the noblest as kings and high priests, the most eloquent and commanding preachers of all the mountain forests, stretching forth their century-old arms in benediction over the worshipping congregations crowded about them. He gazed in devout admiration, saying but little, while his fine smile faded away.

Early in the afternoon, when we reached Clark's Station, I was surprised to see the party dismount. And when I asked if we were not going up into the grove to camp, they said: "No; it would never do to lie out in the night air. Mr. Emerson might take cold; and you know, Mr. Muir, that would be a dreadful thing." In vain I urged that only in homes and hotels were colds caught, that nobody ever was known to take cold camping in these woods, that there was not a single cough or sneeze in all the Sierra.

Then I pictured the big climate-changing, inspiring fire I would make, praised the beauty and fragrance of sequoia



flame, told how the great trees would stand about us transfigured in the purple light, while the stars looked down between the great domes; ending by urging them to come on and make an immortal Emerson night of it. But the house habit was not to be overcome, nor the strange dread of pure night air, though it is only cooled day air with a little dew in it.

The poor bit of measured time was soon spent, and while the saddles were being adjusted I again urged Emerson to stay.

"You are yourself a sequoia," I said. "Stop and get acquainted with your big brethren." But he was past his prime, and was now as a child in the hands of his affectionate friends. It was the afternoon of the day and the afternoon of his life, and his course was now westward down all the mountains into the sunset. The party mounted and rode away in wondrous contentment, around the bases of the big trees, up the slope of the sequoia basin, and over the divide. I followed to the edge of the grove. Emerson lingered in the rear of the train, and when he reached the top of the ridge, after all the rest of the party were over and out of sight, he turned his horse, took off his hat, and waved me a last good-by.

I felt lonely, so sure had I been that Emerson, of all men, would be the quickest to see the mountains and sing them. Gazing awhile on the spot where he vanished, I



sauntered back into the heart of the grove, made a bed of sequoia plumes and ferns by the side of a stream, gathered a store of firewood, and then walked about until sundown. The birds, robins, thrushes, warblers, that had kept out of sight, came about me, now that all was quiet, and made cheer. After sundown I built a great fire, and as usual had it all to myself. And though lonesome for the first time in these forests, I quickly took heart again, — the trees had not gone to Boston, nor the birds; and as I sat by the fire, Emerson was still with me in spirit, though I never again saw him in the flesh.

He sent books and wrote, cheering me on; advised me not to stay too long in solitude. Soon he hoped that my guardian angel would intimate that my probation was at a close. Then I was to roll up my herbariums, sketches, and poems and come to his house; and when I was tired of him and his humble surroundings, he would show me better people.

But there remained many a forest to wander through, many a mountain and glacier to cross, before I was to see his Wachusett and Monadnock, Boston and Concord. It was seventeen years after our parting on the Wawona ridge that I stood beside his grave under a pine tree on the hill above Sleepy Hollow. He had gone to higher Sierras, and, as I fancied, was again waving his hand in friendly recognition.

## THE ESCAPE OF THE FRIGATE

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

The Pilot alone, in that confused and busy throng, where voice rose above voice, and cry echoed cry, in quick succession, appeared as if he held no interest in the important stake. With his eyes steadily fixed on the approaching mist, and his arms folded together in composure, he stood calmly waiting the result.

The ship had fallen off, with her broadside to the sea, and was become unmanageable, and the sails were already brought into the folds necessary to her security, when the quick and heavy fluttering of canvas was thrown across the water, with all the gloomy and chilling sensations that such sounds produce, where darkness and danger unite to appal the seaman.

"The schooner has it!" cried Griffith: "Barnstable has held on, like himself, to the last moment. God send that the squall leave him cloth enough to keep him from the shore!"

"His sails are easily handled," the commander observed, "and she must be over the principal danger. We are falling off before it, Mr. Gray; shall we try a cast of the lead?"

The Pilot turned from his contemplative posture, and moved slowly across the deck before he returned any reply to this question—like a man who not only felt that everything depended on himself, but that he was equal to the emergency.

"'Tis unnecessary," he, at length, said; "'twould be certain destruction to be taken aback; and it is difficult to say, within several points, how the wind may strike us."

"'Tis difficult no longer," cried Griffith; "for here it comes, and in right earnest!"

The rushing sounds of the wind were now, indeed, heard at hand; and the words were hardly past the lips of the young lieutenant, before the vessel bowed down heavily to one side, and then, as she began to move through the water, rose again majestically to her upright position, as if saluting, like a courteous champion, the powerful antagonist with which she was about to contend. Not another minute elapsed, before the ship was throwing the waters aside, with a lively progress, and, obedient to her helm, was brought as near to the desired course as the direction of the wind would allow.

The hurry and bustle on the yards gradually subsided, and the men slowly descended to the deck, all straining their eyes to pierce the gloom in which they were enveloped, and some shaking their heads, in melancholy doubt, afraid to express the apprehensions they really

entertained. All on board anxiously waited for the fury of the gale; for there were none so ignorant or inexperienced, in that gallant frigate, as not to know that, as yet, they only felt the infant effects of the wind. Each moment, however, it increased in power, though so gradual was the alteration, that the relieved mariners began to believe that all their gloomy forebodings were not to be realized. During this short interval of uncertainty, no other sounds were heard than the whistling of the breeze, as it passed quickly through the mass of rigging that belonged to the vessel, and the dashing of the spray that began to fly from her bows, like the foam of a cataract.

"It blows fresh," cried Griffith, who was the first to speak in that moment of doubt and anxiety; "but it is no more than a cap-full of wind after all. Give us elbow-room, and the right canvas, Mr. Pilot, and I'll handle the ship like a gentleman's yacht, in this breeze."

"Will she stay, think ye, under this sail?" said the low voice of the stranger.

"She will do all that man, in reason, can ask of wood and iron," returned the lieutenant; "but the vessel doesn't float the ocean, that will tack under double-reefed topsails alone, against a heavy sea. Help her with the courses, pilot, and you shall see her come round like a dancing-master."

"Let us feel the strength of the gale first," returned the man who was called Mr. Gray; moving from the side of Griffith to the weather gangway of the vessel, where he stood in silence, looking ahead of the ship, with an air of singular coolness and abstraction.

All the lanterns had been extinguished on the deck of the frigate, when her anchor was secured; and, as the first mist of the gale had passed over, it was succeeded by a faint light that was a good deal aided by the glittering foam of the waters, which now broke, in white curls, around the vessel in every direction. The land could be faintly discerned, rising like a heavy bank of black fog, above the margin of the waters, and was only distinguishable from the heavens by its deeper gloom and obscurity.

The last rope was coiled, and deposited in its proper place, by the seamen, and, for several minutes, the stillness of death pervaded the crowded decks. It was evident to every one, that their ship was dashing at a prodigious rate, through the waves; and, as she was approaching, with such velocity, the quarter of the bay where the shoals and dangers were known to be situated, nothing but the habits of the most exact discipline could suppress the uneasiness of the officers and men within their own bosoms. At length the voice of Captain Munson was heard, calling to the pilot.

"Shall I send a hand into the chains, Mr. Gray," he said, "and try our water?"

Although this question was asked aloud, and the interest it excited drew many of the officers and men around him, in eager impatience for his answer, it was unheeded by the man to whom it was addressed. His head rested on his hand, as he leaned over the hammock-cloths of the vessel, and his whole air was that of one whose thoughts wandered from the pressing necessity of their situation. Griffith was among those who had approached the pilot; and, after waiting a moment, from respect, to hear the answer to his commander's question, he presumed on his own rank, and, leaving the circle that stood at a little distance, stepped to the side of the mysterious guardian of their lives.

"Captain Munson desires to know whether you wish a cast of the lead?" said the young officer, with a little impatience of manner. No immediate answer was made to this repetition of the question, and Griffith laid his hand unceremoniously on the shoulder of the other, with an intent to rouse him before he made another application for a reply; but the convulsive start of the pilot held him silent in amazement.

"Fall back there," said the lieutenant, sternly, to the men, who were closing around them in a compact circle; "away with you to your stations, and see all clear for



stays." The dense mass of heads dissolved, at this order, like the water of one of the waves commingling with the ocean, and the lieutenant and his companions were left by themselves.

"This is not a time for musing, Mr. Gray," continued Griffith; "remember our compact, and look to your charge—is it not time to put the vessel in stays? Of what are you dreaming?"

The pilot laid his hand on the extended arm of the lieutenant, and grasped it with a convulsive pressure, as he answered—

"'Tis a dream of reality. You are young, Mr. Griffith, nor am I past the noon of life; but should you live fifty years longer, you never can see and experience what I have encountered in my little period of three-and-thirty years!"

A good deal astonished at this burst of feeling, so singular at such a moment, the young sailor was at a loss for a reply; but, as his duty was uppermost in his thoughts, he still dwelt on the theme that most interested him.

"I hope much of your experience has been on this coast; for the ship travels lively," he said; "and the daylight showed us so much to dread, that we do not feel over-valiant in the dark. How much longer shall we stand on, upon this tack?"

The pilot turned slowly from the side of the vessel,

and walked towards the commander of the frigate, as he replied, in a tone that seemed deeply agitated by his melancholy reflections—

“You have your wish, then ; much, very much of my early youth was passed on this dreaded coast. What to you is all darkness and gloom, to me is as light as if a noonday sun shone upon it. But tack your ship, sir, tack your ship ; I would see how she works before we reach the point where she *must* behave well, or we perish.”

Griffith gazed after him in wonder, while the pilot slowly paced the quarter-deck, and then, rousing from his trance, gave forth the cheering order that called each man to his station, to perform the desired evolution. The confident assurances which the young officer had given to the pilot, respecting the qualities of his vessel and his own ability to manage her, were fully realized by the result.

The helm was no sooner put a-lee, than the huge ship bore up gallantly against the wind, and, dashing directly through the waves, threw the foam high into the air, as she looked boldly into the very eye of the wind ; and then, yielding gracefully to its power, she fell off on the other tack, with her head pointed from those dangerous shoals that she had so recently approached with such terrifying velocity. The heavy yards swung round, as if

they had been vanes to indicate the currents of the air; and, in a few moments, the frigate again moved, with stately progress, through the water, leaving the rocks and shoals behind her on one side of the bay, but advancing towards those that offered equal danger on the other.

During this time the sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl, surlily, as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded on its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean.

The ship yielded each moment more and more before the storm, and in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of a gale of wind. Still the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements, held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where alone safety was to be found.

So far, the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those

still, calm tones, that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But, when the land was becoming dim, in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea alone was to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake off his apathy, and rouse himself to the occasion.

"Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith," he cried; "here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quartermaster of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him, and see that he gives us the right water."

"I will take that office on myself," said the captain; "pass a light into the weather main-chains."

"Stand by your braces!" exclaimed the pilot with startling quickness. "Heave away that lead!"

These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis, and every officer and man stood in fearful silence, at his assigned station, awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quartermaster, at the cun, gave out the orders to the men at the wheel, in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel.

While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called "by the mark seven," rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks,

and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water spirit.

"'Tis well," returned the pilot, calmly; "try it again."

The short pause was succeeded by another cry, "and a half five!"

"She shoals! she shoals!" exclaimed Griffith; "keep her a good full."

"Ay! you must hold the vessel in command!" said the pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care. The third call, "by the deep four!" was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack. Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute this maneuver.

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement, while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing-master was heard shouting from the fore-castle—

"Breakers! breakers, dead ahead!"

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried—

"Breakers on our lee-bow!"

"We are in a bite of the shoals, Mr. Gray," cried the

commander. "She loses her way; perhaps, an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best bower!" shouted Griffith, through his trumpet.

"Hold on!" cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him; "hold on everything!"

The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger, who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded—

"Who is it that dares to countermand my orders? is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there! If another word—"

"Peace, Mr. Griffith," interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard care that he exhibited by the light of his lantern; "yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray: he alone can save us."

Griffith threw his speaking-trumpet on the deck, and, as he walked proudly away, muttered in bitterness of feeling—

"Then all is lost, indeed! and, among the rest, the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast!"

There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and, as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders

they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and, in a few seconds, all her sails were taken aback.

Before the crew understood their situation, the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and, in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly, and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the headyards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling round on her heel, with a retrograde movement.

Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous, and proud—but he was, also, generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadside, while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his

bidding, in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her headsails were shaken, her after-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted, before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully towards the wind again; and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from amongst the dangerous shoals, in which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice maneuver, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill required any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side.

The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. It was apparent to all in the vessel, that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their





exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger, and inciting them to their duty.

The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government; and, during those anxious moments, when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, each ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew, that can only be acquired, under such circumstances, by great steadiness and consummate skill. The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course, in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often, when the pilot, for the first time, addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

"Now is the pinch," he said; "and, if the ship behaves well, we are safe; but, if otherwise, all we have yet done, will be useless." The veteran seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this portentous notice, and, calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the pilot; "you may know it from the star near

it—by its sinking, at times, in the ocean. Now observe the hommock, a little north of it, looking like a shadow in the horizon—'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill, we shall do well—but if not, we surely go to pieces.”

“Let us tack again!” exclaimed the lieutenant. The pilot shook his head, as he replied—

“There is no more tacking or box-hauling to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course; and, if we can weather the ‘Devil’s Grip,’ we clear their outermost point; but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative.”

“If we had beaten out the way we entered,” exclaimed Griffith, “we should have done well.”

“Say, also, if the tide would have let us do so,” returned the pilot, calmly. “Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail.”

“’Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest!” observed the doubtful captain.

“It must be done,” returned the collected stranger; “we perish without it—see! the light already touches the edge of the hommock; the sea casts us to leeward!”

“It shall be done!” cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hands of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued; and, everything being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sail seemed to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her center; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger, that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it! she springs her luff! observe," he said, "the light opens from the hommock already; if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!"

A report, like that of a cannon, interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"'Tis the jib blown from the bolt-ropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck—but the mainsail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant; "but the mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence all!" cried the pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff you can!"

This warning effectually closed all discourse; and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety, awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them, the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols.

A single streak of dark billow, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and, with his own hands, he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean; and she entered the channel among the breakers, with the silence of a desperate calmness.

Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still heave up before them, following each other into the general mass to check their exultation.

Occasionally, the fluttering of the sails would be heard;

and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping at the spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length, the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant, the voice of the pilot was heard shouting—

“Square away the yards! in mainsail!”

A general burst from the crew echoed, “square away the yards!” and, quick as thought, the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the sea.

The seamen were yet drawing long breaths, and gazing about like men recovered from a trance, when Grif-fith approached the man who had so successfully conducted them through their perils. The lieutenant grasped the hand of the other, as he said—

“You have this night proved yourself a faithful pilot, and such a seaman as the world cannot equal!”

## TO THE DANDELION

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,

First pledge of blithesome May,  
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,  
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they  
An Eldorado in the grass have found,

Which not the rich earth's ample round  
May match in wealth; thou art more dear to me  
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow  
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,

Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;  
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now  
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,  
Though most hearts never understand  
To take it at God's value, but pass by  
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;  
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;  
The eyes thou givest me

Are in the heart, and heed not space or time :

Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee  
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment

In the white lily's breezy tent,  
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first  
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,  
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,

Where, as the breezes pass,  
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,  
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,  
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue

That from the distance sparkle through  
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,  
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee ;  
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,

Who, from the dark old tree  
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,  
And I, secure in childish piety,  
Listened as if I heard an angel sing

With news from heaven, which he could bring  
Fresh every day to my untainted ears  
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.



How like a prodigal doth nature seem,  
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!  
Thou teachest me to deem  
More sacredly of every human heart,  
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam  
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,  
Did we but pay the love we owe,  
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look  
On all these living pages of God's book.

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## A PIECE OF RED CALICO

FRANK R. STOCKTON

I was going into town the other morning, when my wife handed me a little piece of red calico, and asked me if I would have time, during the day, to buy her two yards and a half of calico like that. I assured her that it would be no trouble at all; and putting the piece of calico in my pocket, I took the train for the city.

At lunch-time I stopped in at a large dry-goods store to attend to my wife's commission. I saw a well-dressed man walking the floor between the counters, where long lines of girls were waiting on much longer lines of customers, and asked him where I could see some red calico.

"This way, sir," and he led me up the store. "Miss Stone," said he to a young lady, "show this gentleman some red calico."

"What shade do you want?" asked Miss Stone.

I showed her the little piece of calico that my wife had given me. She looked at it and handed it back to me. Then she took down a great roll of red calico and spread it out on the counter.

"Why, that isn't the shade!" said I.

"No, not exactly," said she; "but it is prettier than your sample."

"That may be," said I; "but, you see, I want to match this piece. There is something already made of this kind of calico, which needs to be made larger, or mended, or something. I want some calico of the same shade."

The girl made no answer, but took down another roll.

"That's the shade," said she.

"Yes," I replied, "but it's striped."

"Stripes are more worn than any thing else in calicoes," said she.

"Yes; but this isn't to be worn. It's for furniture, I think. At any rate, I want perfectly plain stuff, to match something already in use."

"Well, I don't think you can find it perfectly plain, unless you get Turkey red."

"What is Turkey red?" I asked.

"Turkey red is perfectly plain in calicoes," she answered.

"Well, let me see some."

"We haven't any Turkey red calico left," she said, "but we have some very nice plain calicoes in other colors."

"I don't want any other color. I want stuff to match this."

"It's hard to match cheap calico like that," she said, and so I left her.

I next went into a store a few doors farther up Broadway. When I entered I approached the "floor-walker," and handing him my sample, said:

"Have you any calico like this?"

"Yes, sir," said he. "Third counter to the right."

I went to the third counter to the right, and showed my sample to the salesman in attendance there. He looked at it on both sides. Then he said:

"We haven't any of this."

"That gentleman said you had," said I.

"We had it, but we're out of it now. You'll get that goods at an upholsterer's."

I went across the street to an upholsterer's.

"Have you any stuff like this?" I asked.

"No," said the salesman. "We haven't. Is it for furniture?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then Turkey red is what you want?"

"Is Turkey red just like this?" I asked.

"No," said he; "but it's much better."

"That makes no difference to me," I replied. "I want something just like this."

"But they don't use that for furniture," he said.

"I should think people could use any thing they wanted for furniture," I remarked, somewhat sharply.

"They can, but they don't," he said quite calmly.

"They don't use red like that. They use Turkey red."

I said no more, but left. The next place I visited was a very large dry-goods store. Of the first salesman I saw I inquired if they kept red calico like my sample.

"You'll find that on the second story," said he. I went up-stairs. There I asked a man:

"Where will I find red calico?"

"In the far room to the left. Right over there." And he pointed to a distant corner.

I walked through the crowds of purchasers and sales-people, and around the counters and tables filled with goods, to the far room to the left. When I got there I asked for red calico.

"The second counter down this side," said the man.

I went there and produced my sample. "Calicoes down-stairs," said the man.

"They told me they were up here," I said.

"Not these plain goods. You'll find 'em down-stairs at the back of the store, over on that side."

I went down-stairs to the back of the store.

"Where will I find red calico like this?" I asked.

"Next counter but one," said the man addressed, walking with me in the direction pointed out.

"Dunn, show red calicoes."

Mr. Dunn took my sample and looked at it.

"We haven't this shade in that quality of goods," he said.

"Well, have you it in any quality of goods?" I asked.

"Yes; we've got it finer." And he took down a piece of calico, and unrolled a yard or two of it on the counter.

"That's not the shade," I said.

"No," said he. "The goods is finer and the color's better."

"I want it to match this," I said.

"I thought you weren't particular about the match," said the salesman. "You said you didn't care for the quality of the goods, and you know you can't match goods without you take into consideration quality and color both. If you want that quality of goods in red, you ought to get Turkey red."

I did not think it necessary to answer this remark, but said:

"Then you've got nothing to match this?"

"No, sir. But perhaps they may have it in the upholstery department, in the sixth story."

So I got in the elevator and went up to the top of the house.

"Have you any red stuff like this?" I said to a young man. .

"Red stuff? Upholstery department,—other end of this floor."

I went to the other end of the floor.

"I want some red calico," I said to a man.

"Furniture goods?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Fourth counter to the left."

I went to the fourth counter to the left, and showed my sample to a salesman. He looked at it, and said:

"You'll get this down on the first floor—calico department."

I turned on my heel, descended in the elevator, and went out on Broadway. I was thoroughly sick of red calico. But I determined to make one more trial. My wife had bought her red calico not long before, and there must be some to be had somewhere. I ought to have asked her where she bought it, but I thought a simple little thing like that could be bought anywhere.

I went into another large dry-goods store. As I en-

tered the door a sudden tremor seized me. I could not bear to take out that piece of red calico. If I had had any other kind of a rag about me—a pen-wiper or any thing of the sort—I think I would have asked them if they could match that.

But I stepped up to a young woman and presented my sample, with the usual question.

“Back room, counter on the left,” she said.

I went there.

“Have you any red calico like this?” I asked of the lady behind the counter.

“No, sir,” she said, “but we have it in Turkey red.”

Turkey red again! I surrendered.

“All right,” I said, “Give me Turkey red.”

“How much, sir?” she asked.

“I don’t know—say five yards.”

The lady looked at me rather strangely, but measured off five yards of Turkey red calico. Then she rapped on the counter and called out “Cash!” A little girl, with yellow hair in two long plaits, came slowly up. The lady wrote the number of yards, the name of the goods, her own number, the price, the amount of the bank-note I handed her, and some other matters, probably the color of my eyes, and the direction and velocity of the wind, on a slip of paper. She then copied all this in a little book which she kept by her. Then she handed the slip

of paper, the money, and the Turkey red to the yellow-haired girl. This young girl copied the slip in a little book she carried, and then she went away with the calico, the paper slip, and the money.

After a very long time,—during which the little girl probably took the goods, the money, and the slip to some central desk, where the note was received, its amount and number entered in a book, change given to the girl, a copy of the slip made and entered, girl's entry examined and approved, goods wrapped up, girl registered, plaits counted and entered on a slip of paper and copied by the girl in her book, girl taken to a hydrant and washed, number of towel entered on a paper slip and copied by the girl in her book, value of my note and amount of change branded somewhere on the child, and said process noted on a slip of paper and copied in her book,—the girl came to me, bringing my change and the package of Turkey red calico.

I had time for but very little work at the office that afternoon, and when I reached home, I handed the package of calico to my wife. She unrolled it and exclaimed:

“Why, this doesn't match the piece I gave you!”

“Match it!” I cried. “Oh, no! it doesn't match it. You didn't want that matched. You were mistaken. What you wanted was Turkey red—third counter to the left. I mean, Turkey red is what they use.”



My wife looked at me in amazement, and then I detailed to her my troubles.

"Well," said she, "this Turkey red is a great deal prettier than what I had, and you've got so much of it that I needn't use the other at all. I wish I had thought of Turkey red before."

"I wish from my heart you had," said I.

## LIFE

HENRY VAN DYKE

Let me but live my life from year to year,  
 With forward face and unreluctant soul;  
 Not hurrying to, nor turning from, the goal;  
 Not mourning for the things that disappear  
 In the dim past, nor holding back in fear  
 From what the future veils; but with a whole  
 And happy heart, that pays its toll  
 To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,  
 O'er rough or smooth, the journey will be joy:  
 Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,  
 New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,  
 My heart will keep the courage of the quest,  
 And hope the road's last turn will be the best.

## THE RIVALS

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

ACT I. SCENE II

*Enter Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony Absolute.*

*Mrs. Malaprop.* There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

*Lydia.* Madam, I thought you once——

*Mrs. Mal.* You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

*Lyd.* Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

*Mrs. Mal.* But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty to do so; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

*Sir Anthony.* Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading!

*Lyd.* What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

*Mrs. Mal.* Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

*Lyd.* Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preferment for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

*Mrs. Mal.* What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!—But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

*Lyd.* Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

*Mrs. Mal.* Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humors.

*Lyd.* Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. [Exit.]

*Mrs. Mal.* There's a little intricate hussy for you!

*Sir Anth.* It is not to be wondered at, ma'am,—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

*Mrs. Mal.* Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

*Sir Anth.* In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

*Mrs. Mal.* Those are vile places, indeed!

*Sir Anth.* Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

*Mrs. Mal.* Fy, fy, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

*Sir Anth.* Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

*Mrs. Mal.* Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions,

or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. —But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know, —and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

*Sir Anth.* Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

*Mrs. Mal.* None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

*Sir Anth.* Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

*Mrs. Mal.* We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

*Sir Anth.* Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days; 'twas “Jack, do this”;—if he demurred, I knocked him down—and if he grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

*Mrs. Mal.* Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

*Sir Anth.* Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice—keep a tight hand: if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.

[*Exit.*]

*Mrs. Mal.* Well, at any rate, I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition. She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betrayed me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it.—Lucy!—Lucy!—(Calls.) Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have trusted her.

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## THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

ACT II. SCENE I

(*A room in Sir Peter Teazle's house. Enter Sir Peter and Lady Teazle.*)

*Sir Peter.* Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

*Lady Teazle.* Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and, what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

*Sir P.* Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

*Lady T.* Authority! No, to be sure. If you wanted

authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

*Sir P.* Old enough!—ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

*Lady T.* My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house.

*Lady T.* Am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

*Sir P.* Oons, madam! if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

*Lady T.* No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style,—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a



bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

*Lady T.* O, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation was to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my Aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, madam, 'twas so indeed!

*Lady T.* And then, you know, my evening amusements: to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt, or to be stuck down to an old spinnet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

*Sir P.* I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

*Lady T.* No, I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

*Sir P.* This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of

fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

*Lady T.* Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me add to the obligation, and that is——

*Sir P.* My widow, I suppose?

*Lady T.* Hem! hem!

*Sir P.* I thank you, madam, but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you. However, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

*Lady T.* Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

*Sir P.* 'Slife, madam! I say had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

*Lady T.* Sir Peter! would you have me out of the fashion?

*Sir P.* The fashion indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

*Lady T.* For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

*Sir P.* Ay, there again! taste! Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

*Lady T.* That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have fin-

ished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's?

*Sir P.* Ay, there's another precious circumstance,—a charming set of acquaintances you have made there!

*Lady T.* Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

*Sir P.* Yes, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose any body should have a character but themselves. Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

*Lady T.* What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

*Sir P.* Ah! they have made you as bad as any one of the society.

*Lady T.* Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

*Sir P.* Grace, indeed!

*Lady T.* But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse; when I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humor; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

*Sir P.* Well, well, I'll call in, just to look after my own character.

*Lady T.* Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-by to you! [*Exit.*]

*Sir P.* So! I have gained much by intended exposition; yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*]

### ACT III. SCENE I

*Lady T.* Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

*Sir P.* Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

*Lady T.* I am sure I wish I had, for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

*Sir P.* Two hundred pounds! What, can't I be in good-humor without paying for it? But speak to me thus, i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; but seal me a bond of repayment.

*Lady T.* O no! there, my note of hand will do as well.

*Sir P.* And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you: but shall we always live thus?

*Lady T.* If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

*Sir P.* Well, then, let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

*Lady T.* I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you. You look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing; didn't you?

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive——

*Lady T.* Ay, so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

*Sir P.* Indeed!

*Lady T.* Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I

have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means, and I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

*Sir P.* And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple——

*Lady T.* And never differ again?

*Sir P.* No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always began first.

*Lady T.* I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed, you always gave the provocation.

*Sir P.* Now see, my angel! take care,—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends, my love.

*Lady T.* Then don't you begin it, my love!

*Sir P.* There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

*Lady T.* Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear,——

*Sir P.* There! now you want to quarrel again.

*Lady T.* No, I am sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish——

*Sir P.* There now! who begins first?

*Lady T.* Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing; but there's no bearing your temper.

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*Sir P.* No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

*Lady T.* Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

*Sir P.* Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gypsy.

*Lady T.* You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

*Sir P.* Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more.

*Lady T.* So much the better.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam; 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you,—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighborhood.

*Lady T.* And I am sure I was a fool to marry you,—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he could never meet with any one who would have him.

*Sir P.* Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me; you never had such an offer before.

*Lady T.* No? didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who everybody said would have been a better match; for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

*Sir P.* I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles are not without grounds——

*Lady T.* Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

*Sir P.* Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please! Yes, madam, or a divorce! I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

*Lady T.* Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple, and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you, so by-by. [Exit.]

*Sir P.* Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry, either? Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper. No, she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper.



## NOTES

ADDISON, JOSEPH (1672-1719).—Famous English poet, essayist, and statesman. Dr. Samuel Johnson once wrote, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." The sketches of Sir Roger de Coverley, the country gentleman, and his associates, are among the masterpieces of English literature. Our selection tells about one of Sir Roger's interesting days.

AURELIUS, MARCUS (121-180).—Roman emperor and philosopher. His book entitled *Meditations*, presents a very noble view of life and has always been very popular.

BACON, FRANCIS (1561-1626).—The first English essayist. He lived at the same time as Shakespeare, Spenser, Walter Raleigh, and Ben Jonson. Our selection is from one of the shortest and best of his essays.

BAGBY, GEORGE WILLIAM (1828-1883).—A distinguished American physician, journalist, and humorist. He wrote under the assumed name of *Mozis Addums*. Our selection is from his *The Old Virginia Gentleman*.

BEECHER, HENRY WARD (1813-1887).—One of America's greatest preachers. In the selection which we have printed, Beecher tells some of his experiences in England during the Civil War, trying to convert the English people to the Northern cause.

BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE (1825-1900).—English lawyer and novelist. He wrote a number of stories of which the most famous is *Lorna Doone: a Romance of Exmoor* (1869). This book describes most sympathetically the Exmoor country in England and has always been one of the most popular of English books.

BROWNING, ROBERT (1812-1889).—A famous English poet. He wrote many beautiful songs and impressive dramas. He was the author of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, a delightful poem for children.

BUNNER, HENRY CUYLER (1855-1896).—An American writer; author of short poems and also several volumes of fiction. He was associated with *Puck* as assistant editor and editor-in-chief.

BYRON, LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON (1788-1824).—Celebrated English poet. His best-known long poem is *Childe Harold*, in four cantos, describing the travels through Europe of a fictitious hero. The third canto, the most popular, gives a vivid account of the battle of Waterloo. Lord Byron

wrote also *The Prisoner of Chillon*. Our selection is from the third canto of *Childe Harold*.

CARLYLE, THOMAS (1795-1881).—English essayist, philosopher, historian. His *History of the French Revolution* is good literature and interesting as history. He wrote also a *History of Frederick the Great*. His most widely read books are *Sartor Resartus* and *Heroes and Hero Worship*.

CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, MIGUEL DE (1547-1616).—Famous Spanish novelist, author of one of the great books of the world, *Don Quixote* (1605-1615). This country gentleman, Don Quixote, stirred by thrilling tales of chivalry, starts with his squire, Sancho Panza, in search of knightly adventure. Our selection pictures one of these and this is typical of many others equally amusing.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR (1772-1834).—English poet. This selection has been taken from his most famous poem, *The Ancient Mariner*, which contains wonderful pictures of night and morning, of arctic and tropic seas.

COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE (1789-1851).—The first important American novelist, author of the famous Leather-Stocking Tales, namely, *Deerslayer*, *Last of the Mohicans*, *Pathfinder*, *Pioneers*, *Prairie*. Natty Bumppo, the hero of these stories, is a type of the hardy and courageous pioneers who first settled in our country. Our selection has been made from *The Pilot*, one of his most widely read books.

COWPER, WILLIAM (1731-1800).—Celebrated English poet. Best known as the author of *The Task* and *John Gilpin*. Our selection is from the former.

CURTIS GEORGE WILLIAM (1824-1892).—Noted American orator, author, journalist, and editor of *Harper's Weekly*. He wrote a charming little story called *Prue and I*. Our selection is taken from his famous speech, *The Public Duty of Educated Men*.

DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING (1864- ).—Writer of novels, plays and short stories. He was correspondent for the *London Times* and the *New York Herald* in the Spanish-American and Russian-Japanese wars, and has travelled extensively.

ELIOT, CHARLES WILLIAM (1834- ).—A distinguished American educator, President of Harvard University from 1869 to 1909.

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO (1803-1882).—Famous American essayist and poet; one of our greatest thinkers. For many years he lectured on such subjects as *Culture*, *Human Life*, *Nature*, *Representative Men*, and aroused the young men of America to the importance of plain living and high thinking. Our prose selection has been taken from his well-known essay, *Compensation*.

FOX, JOHN, JR.—American novelist. His works treat especially of life in the mountain districts of Kentucky.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER (1728-1774).—Famous English poet, novelist, and dramatist. His most popular poem is *The Deserted Village*, from which our selection has been taken. His best-known story is *The Vicar of Wakefield*, an account of the interesting and amusing experiences of the Primrose family. To Goldsmith is also attributed the well-known story, *Little Goody Two Shoes*.

GRADY, HENRY W. (1851-1889).—American journalist and orator, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. *The Homes of the People* is a speech which he delivered at Elberton, Ga., only a few months before he died.

GREELEY, HORACE (1811-1872).—A celebrated American journalist, author, and politician. He was a famous anti-slavery leader and was the unsuccessful candidate for President in 1872.

HAZLITT, WILLIAM (1778-1830).—Critic and writer of delightful essays. He was a life-long friend of Charles and Mary Lamb, and knew Coleridge, Wordsworth, and the other great men of a great period. He writes entertainingly of authors and of people in general.

HOOD, ROBIN.—In the thirteenth century, probably, there sprang up many ballads about the name Robin Hood, the popular hero of Old England, the embodiment of its delight in the life of the green forest and open sky, in bluff, shrewd manners and in chivalric adventure.

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN (1837- ).—Novelist. Mr. Howells has always written stories portraying real people in ordinary life. Perhaps his best story is *Silas Lapham*, which describes the rise and fall of a paint manufacturer in New England. Our selection is from his interesting book, *Literary Friends and Acquaintance*, in which he tells about his first going from Ohio to Boston and New York and his meeting with the great writers of the time.

HUGO, VICTOR MARIE (1802-1885).—Famous French poet and novelist. His best work, from which *The Battle of Waterloo* is taken, is a long novel, *Les Misérables*, a story of a hero, Jean Valjean, in his attempt to lead a good life and his struggles against prejudice and wickedness.

KELLER, HELEN ADAMS (1880- ).—American miscellaneous writer. Though deaf and blind since early childhood, with the assistance of her teacher she was enabled to pass through and graduate from Radcliffe College. Her best-known book is *The Story of My Life*. Our selection has been taken from *The World I Live In*.

KIPLING, RUDYARD (1865- ).—English poet and short-story writer. He has written extensively of India, describing Anglo-Indian military and civil life. Children especially like his *Jungle Books*. Our selection is from his excellent boys' book, *Captains Courageous*.

LANIER, SIDNEY (1842-1881).—American poet and critic, "the foremost singer of the South since Poe." He was passionately fond of music and wrote poems which sing melodiously of the live oaks with their "little green

leaves," of the glimmering marsh, of the rising sun, and the flooding sea. His best poems are *Corn*, *Ballad of the Trees and the Master*, *The Marshes of Glynn*, *Song of the Chattahoochee*, and *Hymns of the Marshes*.

LONDON, JACK (1876- ).—Journalist, lecturer, and writer of stories. He tramped over the United States and Canada for the purpose of studying the conditions of the workingman. Our selection has been taken from his most popular book, *The Call of the Wild*.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL (1819-1891).—American poet, essayist, scholar, diplomat; professor at Harvard University, editor of *Atlantic Monthly* and *North American Review*, ambassador to Spain and to Great Britain. His *Odes* are probably the greatest odes written by an American poet. Besides, his *Vision of Sir Launfal*, and his humorous and patriotic *Biglow Papers*, Lowell has written many interesting essays on great authors and great books.

MABIE, HAMILTON WRIGHT (1845- ).—An interesting essayist. He is now literary editor of *The Outlook*. He has also written a life of Shakespeare. Our selection is from his book, *The Life of the Spirit*.

MATTHEWS, BRANDER (1852- ).—Professor of English literature in Columbia University. Author of *The Development of the Drama*, *Vignettes of Manhattan*, and of many magazine articles. Our selection has been taken from *Vignettes of Manhattan*, which contains many interesting sketches of New York City.

MUIR, JOHN (1836- ).—An American naturalist, explorer, and writer. For many years Mr. Muir has lived in the Yosemite Valley or in Alaska or Yellowstone Park, and has described in a most sympathetic manner the mountains and trees and life of these regions.

NANSEN, FRIDTJOF (1861- ).—A famous Norwegian arctic explorer. He has made many voyages to the extreme north.

NESBIT, WILBUR DICK (1871- ).—American journalist and poet.

PAGE, THOMAS NELSON (1853- ).—American author, noted for his stories depicting life in the South before the Civil War. Some of his best books are *In Ole Virginia*, *Two Little Confederates*. Through his stories run themes of kindly feeling and loyalty.

PAGE, WALTER HINES (1855- ).—He has been editor of *The Forum*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and now is in charge of *The World's Work*.

PLATO, born about 428 B. C., was one of the most famous philosophers of Greece. His many works on philosophical subjects are distinguished by purity of language and elegance of style.

POE, EDGAR ALLAN (1809-1849).—Poet and author of many wonderful short stories. Among his best-known stories are *The Black Cat*, *Fall of the House of Usher*, *The Pit and the Pendulum*, and *The MS. Found in a Bottle*. In Europe Poe is considered one of our greatest writers.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB (1849- ).—One of the true poets of America, born in Indiana. Mr. Riley has described many odd characters of the farm or the small town, the simple drollness of childhood, the splendid sentiment of ripe manhood and old age. The world may well be grateful for the humor and pathos of true and inspired poets such as Mr. Riley.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE (1858- ).—Twenty-sixth President of the United States. He has written books on history and stories of his adventures. Our selection is from his speech at the dedication of the memorial to Lincoln in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, February 12, 1909.

RUSKIN, JOHN (1819-1899).—Essayist and critic of art. He spent a large part of his time and energy, as well as much of his large fortune, in attempting to help the working classes. His beautiful style is based on the prose of the English Bible. Our selection has been taken from his most popular book, *Sesame and Lilies*.

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM (1564-1616).—The greatest English poet and dramatist, writer of comedies, tragedies, and historical plays. From Shakespeare's plays we have printed four passages, *The Tent Scene* from *Julius Caesar* (III, Sc. IV); *Monsieur Melancholy* from *As You Like It* (III Sc. II); *In Such a Night* from *The Merchant of Venice* (V, Sc. I); *The Fall of Cardinal Wolsey* from *Henry VIII* (III, Sc. II).

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE (1792-1822).—One of the truest of English poets. Pupils should read his beautiful *Ode to the West Wind*.

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY (1751-1816).—One of the most popular of English dramatists. When only twenty-three, he wrote *The Rivals*, which has always pleased Americans, partly because the part of Bob Acres was presented by our beloved actor, Joseph Jefferson. In 1777, Sheridan produced his *School for Scandal* which so delightfully set forth the world of fashion of the eighteenth century.

SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE (1806-1870).—American novelist, poet, and journalist. He was born in Charleston, S. C., and spent most of his life in the South. His novels are no longer read except by students of American literature, but much of his poetry has survived to the present day. He was one of the foremost writers of the South.

SPALDING, JOHN LANCASTER (1840- ).—Archbishop in the Catholic Church. He has written on many religious and educational subjects. He is distinguished for his fairness and good judgment.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR (1850-1894).—Scottish poet, essayist, and novelist. His most popular novels are *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, and *David Balfour*. Our selection is from chapter XVII of *Treasure Island*.

STOCKTON, FRANK R. (1834-1902).—Stockton won a unique place among the writers of stories by combining the methods of the romancer and the novelist to humorous ends. For a time he was one of the editors of *St. Nicholas*. His most popular long story is *Rudder Grange*. He wrote also one of the most interesting short stories, *The Lady or the Tiger*.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD (1809-1892).—Famous English poet. In the *Idylls of the King* Tennyson tells the story of King Arthur and the Round Table. *In Memoriam* is a long poem in which Tennyson describes the grief he suffered at the death of his dearest friend, and how the grief was turned into peace when he realized that the parting was not forever. Tennyson wrote also many short poems.

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE (1811-1863).—Great novelist, usually grouped with Dickens. Thackeray was interested in writing of the upper classes of society; Dickens portrayed the lower. Every one should read *Vanity Fair* which tells about Becky Sharp, *Henry Esmond*, and *The Newcomes* which pictures the life of dear old Colonel Newcome.

VAN DYKE, HENRY (1852- ).—American poet, short-story writer, essayist, clergyman. His work is noted for its splendid style. He has written much of nature. Besides his poems, two of his best books are *Little Rivers* and *Fisherman's Luck*.

WEBSTER, DANIEL (1782-1852).—Perhaps the greatest American orator, famous for services as United States Senator from Massachusetts, for his debate with Hayne in 1830, and for many speeches on special occasions. Our selection has been taken from one of his greatest speeches, on the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument in 1825.

WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD (1855- ).—American critic and poet. For many years he was professor at Columbia University.

## VOCABULARY

THE authors have not attempted to make this Vocabulary complete. Within such brief limits it is possible to include only words that present unusual difficulty of spelling, pronunciation, or meaning. For further information the student must consult a dictionary, which this Vocabulary is not intended to supplant. No attempt has been made to give all the meanings of the words included in the Vocabulary, but only those which will make clear the meaning of the text. The system of diacritical marking used is that given in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

### A KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā, as in fāte	é, as in é vent'	ô, as in ôrb	û, as in ûnite'
á, " " sen'áte	ě, " " ěnd	ō, " " ōdd	ü, " " ūrn
â, " " câre	ē, " " ev'ēr	ö, " " sōft	ÿ, " " ūp
ǎ, " " făt	ě, " " re'cĕnt	ö, " " cōn nect'	ÿ, " " cir'cŭs
ä, " " ärm	ī, " " Ice	oo, " " fōod	th, " " thin
â, " " âsk	ī, " " ĩll	oo, " " fōot	th, " " then
ǎ, " " fi'nāl	ō, " " ōld	ou, " " out	tŭ, " " cul'tŭre
ē, " " ēve	ó, " " ó bey'	ū, " " ūse	zh for z, as in az'ure

**N**, representing the nasal tone (as in French or Portuguese) of the preceding vowel, as in ensemble (ǎn'sǎn'b'l), intrigant (ǎn'trĕ'gǎnt').

**ŋ** (like ng), for n before the sound of k or "hard" g, as in bank.

**a'bat is** (ǎb'at is), a defence formed by felled trees with sharpened branches.

**ab hor'rence**, a strong feeling of horror or disgust.

**A'bo li'tion ism**, doctrine or system of belief favoring the freeing of slaves.

**A'bo li'tion ist**, one who believes in the freeing of slaves.

**ab scound'**, to run away with money entrusted to one's care.

**ac ces'so ry**, aiding or contributing to.

**A chil'les** (á kl'ĕz), the hero of Homer's great poem, the *Iliad*.

**ac qui si'tion**, the acquiring or gaining possession of.

**ac quit'**, to free, relieve one's self of.

**ad'e quate**, enough for the purpose.

**ad min'is tra'tion**, management or conduct of business.

**Æ'son** (ē'sōn), the father of Jason in the ancient myth of Jason and Medea.

**af'ter**, towards the stern of a ship; a seaman's word.

**ag'gra va'tion**, exaggeration.

**ag'gre gate**, whole amount, totality.

**a ghas't**, astonished, amazed.

**A'gin court** (ā'zhān kōōr'), a village in France, the scene of a famous battle between the French and English in 1415.

**ag o ra'**, the place of public meeting, especially the market-place in an ancient Greek city.

**Al'lah**, the name for God used by Mohammedans.

**al lure'**, attract.

**am'or ous**, fond, affectionate.

**an'i mat ed**, moved, stirred.

**an'nals**, historical records.

**an'tre**, cave.

**ap'a thy**, want of feeling, sluggishness.

**ap pal'**, to shock with terror.

**A'ris tot le**, famous philosopher and man of science in ancient Greece.

**a ro'ma**, agreeable smell, fragrance.

**as cet'i cism**, the denying oneself physical pleasures.

**as siz'es**, the periodical meetings of the judges in English counties for the hearing of trials.

**as sum'ing**, taking up.

**At'a lan'ta**, the beautiful and swift-footed heroine of an ancient Greek myth.

**au'gur**, foresee or anticipate.

**auk**, a kind of sea-bird found in the Arctic regions.

**a'vens**, a kind of water plant.

**a ver'**, declare.

**ba'bel**, confusion.

**ban'do leer'**, strap for carrying a musket.

**bea'ver**, a part of the helmet which covered the lower portion of the face.

**be diz'ened**, decked out with cheap finery.

**be lie'**, to give the lie to, misrepresent.

**ben'e dic'tion**, a brief prayer at the end of a religious service.

**be nef'i cence**, kindness, charity.

**be nev'o lence**, love of mankind, good will.

**bite**, a loop or curve; usually spelled *bight*.

**black'a moor**, negro.

**blithe'some**, gay, happy.

**Blüch'er** (blū'kēr), a famous Prussian general.

**bod'ing**, giving promise of coming evil.

**bol'ster ing**, backing up, supporting.

**bond'men**, slaves.

**bow'er**, sleeping apartment as distinguished from the hall, or living-room, of an ancient castle.

**box haul**, to put a square rigged vessel on another tack by bringing her into the wind and turning her sharply off on another course.

**brac'es**, ropes attached to the ends of the yards on a square rigged vessel by which the position of the sails is changed.

**Braine l'Al leud'** (brān lā lū'), a district in Belgium.

**Bri a're us**, a hundred-handed giant of ancient mythology.

**brook**, endure.



- Brun'hild**, a beautiful and warlike young queen who figures in the story of the Niebelungs. The heroine of Wagner's opera, *Siegfried*.
- buck'ler**, a small, generally round shield.
- budg'et**, bundle, package.
- bull of Ba'shan**, Bashan was a hilly region east of the river Jordan mentioned in the Bible; famous for its cattle.
- cai'tiff** (kā'tĭf), mean, miserable person.
- calam'i ty**, great misfortune or disaster.
- cal'en der**, a kind of dervish or Mohammedan priest.
- Ca lig'u la**, nickname given to Caius Cæsar, third emperor of Rome; a cruel and vicious man.
- cap'tious ness**, tendency to fault finding.
- Car'thage**, famous ancient city on the northern coast of Africa, great rival of Rome.
- case'ment**, window.
- casque**, helmet.
- cas'u al**, chance, accidental.
- cav'a lier'**, a horseman; a follower of King Charles in the Civil War in England.
- cen'o taph**, a monument erected to the memory of some one who is buried elsewhere.
- cen'ti plume**, having a hundred feathers.
- chas'tise ment** (chās'tĭz mĕnt), punishment.
- checked**, rebuked.
- chide**, to scold.
- chine**, the backbone of an animal.
- chiv'al ry** (shĭv'āl rĭ), the system of knighthood, or its spirit and usages.
- chol'er** (kōl'ĕr), anger, ill-humor.
- chol'er ic**, ill-humored.
- Cic'er o**, famous statesman and orator of ancient Rome.
- cir'cuit** (sŭr'kĭt), the district which a judge is required to visit at certain times to preside over the law courts.
- civ'ic**, relating to the state or government.
- clown**, awkward, stupid fellow.
- co in'ci dence**, an instance of coinciding, or occurring at the same time, or corresponding or agreeing.
- co los'sal**, huge, enormous.
- comb'ing**, a raised frame or ledge around an opening in the deck of a vessel to keep out the water.
- com mu'ni ty**, the people living in any particular center; the public.
- com'pact**, agreement.
- com'pe tence**, living.
- com pos'ure**, calmness, self-possession.
- com pre'hend'**, to include; understand.
- con**, to learn, commit to memory.
- con'crete**, having relation to a single object as opposed to a class of objects, or to the particular as opposed to the general.
- con cus'sion**, shock caused by a collision or explosion.
- con fute'**, to disprove.
- con'ju ra'tion**, a solemn appeal; a charm or spell.
- con jur'ing**, begging earnestly, beseeching.
- con'se crate**, to devote to a high purpose.

- con ser'va tive**, moderate, careful.  
**con'so la'tion**, comfort, relief for pain or hardships endured.  
**con sum'mate**, of the highest quality.  
**con ta'gion**, the handing on to another of some bodily or mental condition, as of disease or enthusiasm.  
**con tam'i nate**, to make impure.  
**con temn'**, despise.  
**con tem'plate**, to view thoughtfully.  
**con'tour**, outlines.  
**con'tro vert'i ble**, capable of being debated or opposed.  
**con verse'**, talk.  
**con vey'ance**, carrying, moving.  
**co-or'di na'tion**, adjusting or regulating so as to make harmonious action possible.  
**cop'pice**, wood or grove; a poetical word.  
**cos'mo pol'i tan**, belonging to the whole world, not limited to any particular region.  
**cos'trel**, a bottle of leather, earthenware, or wood with ears so that it can be carried by a strap.  
**couch'ing**, levelling, placing in rest.  
**coun'ter feit ed**, imitated.  
**coun'ter mand**, to cancel one order by another.  
**coun'ters**, pieces of money; a Shakespearean use.  
**cou pé'** (kōō pā'), a kind of four-wheeled closed carriage.  
**cou'ri er**, a messenger sent on an urgent errand.  
**cours'es**, the lowest sails on a square rigged vessel.  
**cov'e nant** (kūv'ē nānt), a solemn agreement.  
**crave**, ask humbly, beg.  
**Croi'sic**, a little fishing village on the north-west coast of France.  
**cui'ras sier'**, a cavalry soldier wearing a cuirass, or piece of armor covering the body from neck to waist.  
**cul'mi nate**, to reach the highest point of success or glory.  
**cun**, an old form of *con*; the directing the steering of a vessel.  
**curb**, a kind of bit used to make it easier to control a high-spirited horse.  
**de based'**, degraded, of low character.  
**de bouch'** (dē bōōsh'), to march out into an open space.  
**dec'i mat ed**, having a large number killed.  
**de fray'**, to pay the expense of.  
**de'i fi ca'tion**, making a god of.  
**De lord'** (dē lōr').  
**de'mo li'tion**, destruction.  
**de mor'al ize**, to cast into disorder or confusion.  
**De mos'the'nes**, famous statesman and orator of ancient Greece.  
**de mur'**, hesitation, objection.  
**de mure'**, modest, grave.  
**de nounce'**, to speak of as deserving blame or punishment.  
**de spon'den cy**, discouragement or depression of mind.  
**de test'**, to hate.  
**de void'**, being without.  
**de vo'tion**, strong feeling for.  
**de vout'ly**, showing religious feeling.  
**di ag'o nal ly**, cross-wise.  
**Di an'a**, in ancient Italian mythology a goddess of the woods.  
**di'a pa'son**, a full, foundation note.

- Dí'do**, in Vergil's *Æneid*, queen of Carthage, who commits suicide on being deserted by Æneas.
- dis'as'ter**, a sudden and unusual misfortune or occurrence.
- dis'con cert'ed**, confused or embarrassed.
- dis course'**, speech, conversation.
- dis cour'te ous**, impolite, ill-mannerly.
- dis cov'er ing**, revealing, showing; an old-fashioned use of the word.
- dis'em bogue'**, to flow out.
- dis man'tle**, to strip of furniture or equipment.
- di vert'**, to relieve the mind, entertain.
- dom'i nant**, ruling, prevailing.
- Don Quix'ote** (dŏn kwík'sŏt, Sp., dŏn kē hŏ'tā).
- dor'mer win'dow**, an upright window in a sloping roof.
- do'ry**, a flat-bottomed boat with high sides, much used by American fishermen.
- drach'ma** (drāk'má), a silver coin of ancient Greece.
- drought** (drou't), lack of rain.
- Drus'es** (drŏŏz'éz), a people living chiefly in the neighborhood of Mt. Lebanon in Syria.
- Du bois'** (dū bwä').
- duc'tile**, capable of being drawn out into wire.
- Dul cin'e a**, the ladylove of Don Quixote.
- dup'li cate**, to make an exact copy of.
- dy'nas ty**, a race or succession of kings of one family.
- Ed'ryn** (ēd'rín).
- ef face'ment**, blotting out, keeping out of sight or notice.
- e'go tism**, selfishness, self-esteem.
- e ject'ment**, a law term applied to a suit for regaining possession of property wrongfully held by another.
- e lab'o rate**, worked out with great care or effort.
- El'do ra'do** (ël dô rā'dŏ), an imaginary place of fabulous richness.
- em bar'rass ment**, confusion of mind; difficulty.
- em bayed'**, sheltered as in a bay.
- em'u late**, to try to equal.
- E'nid** (ē'níd).
- en trée** (ăn trā'), right to enter.
- e pis'tle**, letter.
- eq'uer ry**, an officer having charge of the horses of a king or noble of high rank.
- Er'e bus**, in Greek mythology a place of lower darkness through which the souls of the dead passed on their way to Hades.
- es'sence**, the inmost substance or nature of.
- es sen'tial**, a necessity.
- eu'pho ny**, a pleasing sound.
- ev'o lu'tion**, a movement of an organized body, a maneuver.
- ex hil'a ra'tion**, pleasurable excitement.
- ex'hor ta'tion**, appeal; a stirring up to worthy action.
- ex ploit'**, deed, act.
- ex pos'tu late**, to object, reason with.
- ex pul'sion**, the driving out.
- ex ter'mi na'tion**, destruction.
- ex'tir pate**, root out, destroy completely.
- ex trem'ist**, one who acts without moderation.

- fa nat'i cism**, unreasoning zeal, wildness of view.
- Fan'euil** (fǎn'ǔl or fūn'ǔl).
- fan tas'tic**, strange, fanciful.
- fas tid'i ous**, over particular, hard to please.
- fer'vor**, strength of feeling.
- fin'i kin**, foolishly particular.
- fir'ma ment**, the sky.
- flux'ion**, a mathematical term.
- fo'rum**, the market place or public square in ancient Rome; a legal career.
- frig'ate**, a sailing ship of war, not so large as a ship of the line, and corresponding to the cruiser in the modern navy.
- Frische'mont'** (frēsh' mōn').
- Fro'bish er**, celebrated English admiral and explorer of the sixteenth century; discovered the bay known as Frobisher Bay on the north-eastern coast of North America.
- fu'gi tive**, one who is trying to escape.
- furze**, a small shrub.
- fused**, melted together.
- fu'tile**, useless.
- gal'li pot**, a small earthen pot.
- gam boge'**, a kind of gum imported from Siam and used by artists to make a yellow color.
- "gang tap'sal tee'rie,"** go topsy turvy; a Scottish phrase.
- gauge** (gāj), to measure the contents of casks.
- Ge nappe'** (zhě nǎp'), a village in Belgium near the field of Waterloo.
- Ger aint'** (gě rǎnt').
- ghoul** (gōol), an imaginary being supposed to rob graves and feed on dead bodies.
- gig**, a kind of light, two-wheeled carriage.
- grape**, a kind of cannon shot consisting of small iron balls held together by wires.
- grat'i fy ing**, pleasing, giving satisfaction.
- Grève** (grāv), the sandy shallows of the coast near St. Malo.
- guile** (gīl), deceit, cunning.
- gun'wale** (gūn'ēl), the upper edge of the side of a boat.
- Guth i er'ez** (gōō tē ēr'rēth).
- hag'gard**, worn by want or suffering.
- hal'yard**, the rope used to raise a sail or flag.
- Hap'py Isles**, a mythical place believed by the ancient Greeks to be somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean.
- har'bin ger**, messenger, forerunner.
- har'bor age**, shelter, protection.
- Ha roun' Al ra schid'**, caliph of Bagdad from 786 to 809, a powerful and splendid ruler.
- haw'ser**, heavy rope used for mooring or towing vessels.
- Hec'tor**, a famous warrior in Homer's *Iliad* and Vergil's *Aeneid*, son of King Priam of Troy.
- Her'cu les**, in ancient Greek mythology a half-god of tremendous physical strength who performed many wonderful deeds.
- Her ve' Ri el'.**
- hi lar'i ty**, noisy merriment.
- hog'get**, a year-old sheep.
- Hogue** (hōg), a cape on the north-west coast of France.
- Hó'mer**, a famous Greek poet of ancient times, author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

- hom'mock**, hummock, a small hill.  
**hu'mor**, disposition.  
**hur'dle**, a movable frame made of timber or twigs used for penning up farm animals.  
**Hy'a des** (hí'ă dēz), a group of nymphs, sisters of the Pleiades.  
**hyp'o crit'i cal**, pretending to be virtuous while really not so.  
**ides**, a certain day of the ancient Roman month.  
**il leg'i ble**, impossible to be read.  
**im'be cile** (im'bē sīl or im'bī sēl), weak minded.  
**im'per cep'ti ble**, slight, incapable of being perceived.  
**im pet'u ous**, eager, moving with force or haste.  
**im plic'it ly**, without doubt or questioning, entirely.  
**in lieu of**, in place of.  
**in'co her'ent**, lacking connection or clearness.  
**in con'stan cy**, changeableness.  
**in dig'ni ty**, insult.  
**in'di rec'tion**, the use of roundabout means.  
**in'dis creet'**, unwise, foolish.  
**in'di vid'u al**, belonging or relating to a single person.  
**in ex'o ra ble**, unyielding, pitiless.  
**in fal'li ble**, not liable to fail.  
**in'fam ous ly**, wickedly, basely.  
**in'fan cy**, the earliest period, or beginning.  
**in fan'ta**, a daughter of a King of Spain.  
**in fec'tious**, capable of being given to another, as of disease.  
**in firm'i ty**, weakness.  
**in flex'i ble**, unbending.  
**in frac'tion**, a breaking or violation of.  
**in junc'tion**, an order restraining one from action.  
**in'no va'tion**, something new; a change.  
**in tan'gi ble**, incapable of being touched.  
**in'ter pen'e tra'tion**, a penetrating or piercing into one another.  
**in'ter sperse'**, mingle or scatter with.  
**in'tre pid'i ty**, fearless bravery.  
**in tu'i tive**, understood by intuition, without reasoning.  
**in vec'tive**, harsh or violent language expressing criticism or accusing of wrong doing.  
**in vet'er ate**, long-standing, deep-rooted.  
**i ras'ci ble**, easily made angry, irritable.  
**ir rup'tion**, a breaking in.  
**jo an'.**  
**jol'ly boat**, a small ship's boat for ordinary use.  
**ju'bi lant**, joyful, glad.  
**kay'ak** (kī'āk), an Eskimo canoe made of skins and usually covered completely except for a hole where the paddler sits.  
**knell** (nēl), the tolling of a bell at a person's death, a death signal.  
**knight-er'rant**, a knight travelling in search of adventures.  
**La Haie Sainte** (lā hā'sānt).  
**la con'i cal ly**, briefly, pointedly.  
**lan'dau** (lān'dô), a kind of four-wheeled, covered carriage, with a top divided into two sections, which can be let down.  
**lan'thorn**, lantern; an old-fashioned word.

**lar'gess**, a generous gift; bounty.  
**laud'a ble**, praiseworthy.  
**lea**, meadow, field, country; a poetical word.  
**lead'er**, a piece of gut fastened on the end of a fishing line, to which, in turn, the hook is attached.  
**leads'man**, a man who throws the "lead," or line at the end of which a weight is fastened for measuring the depth of the water.  
**league** (lēg), about three miles.  
**ledg'er**, an account book used in business.  
**lees**, dregs.  
**lien** (lēn), a legal claim against property.  
**live'li hood**, means of living.  
**loose'-strife**, a common wild plant.  
**Lo ren'zo**.  
**Louvre**, an ancient palace in Paris, now used as a museum.  
**luke'warm**, slightly warm.  
**lure**, bait.  
**main-chains**, the shrouds, or ropes, supporting the mainmast of a sailing vessel. The chains are strictly the chains or ropes bolted to the side of the vessel to which are fastened the dead-eyes, to which in turn are fastened the shrouds.  
**main-hatch**, the principal opening in the deck of a vessel.  
**ma jes'tic**, extremely dignified or impressive.  
**Mal'ou ins** (māl'ōō ān'), men of St. Malo.  
**Mal'pla quet'** (māl'plā'kē'), a village in France, scene of a famous battle between the allied English and

Dutch forces and the French in 1709.  
**man'chet**, the finest kind of bread; now found only in poetry.  
**man eu'ver**, a movement or change of position or arrangement of forces.  
**man'i fold**, very many.  
**Ma ren'go**, a village in northern Italy, scene of a famous battle between the French and Italians in 1800.  
**mar'tyr dom**, the suffering death for fidelity to a cause.  
**me chan'ic** (mē kān'ík), one who works in wood or metal with tools.  
**Me de'a**, an enchantress who assisted Jason to obtain the golden fleece and became his wife. When deserted by him she killed herself and her children.  
**Mer'ced**, a river which flows through Yosemite Valley.  
**Mil haud'** (mīl hō').  
**mi nor'i ty**, the smaller of two parties.  
**mi rac'u lous**, so wonderful as to be almost beyond belief.  
**mis an'thro py**, hatred of mankind.  
**mis'cre ant**, rascal.  
**Mo ham'me dan**, one of a religious sect founded by Mohammed.  
**mo men'tum**, the amount of motion in a moving body.  
**Mo nad'nock**, a mountain in New Hampshire.  
**mon'o dy**, a mourning song, a lament.  
**mon'o tone**, a speech or song in the same unvaried tone of voice.  
**mo not'o nous**, tiresome because of lack of variety.  
**mon stros'i ty**, a hideously unnatural thing.  
**Mont Saint Jean** (mōn sān zhōn').

**Mon teuil'** (mõn'tě'ě).

**mo rass'**, swamp.

**mor'bid**, unsound, sickly.

**mort'gage** (mõr'găj), a legal hold on property as security for the payment of debt.

**Mos'lem**, a Mohammedan.

**mu'tu al**, shared between two persons.

**myr'i ad**, a large number.

**nec'ro man cer**, a magician.

**nec'tar**, according to ancient mythology the drink of the gods.

**Ne ris'sa**.

**Ne'ro**, emperor of Rome 54-68 B. C., a cruel and vicious man.

**neu'tral ize**, offset the effect of.

**nice**, trifling, over-particular.

**Nim'e veh'** (nln'ě vě'), an ancient city of Assyria.

**Ni velles'** (nl'věl'), a town in Belgium.

**non'de script**, of no particular class or kind.

**nox'ious**, harmful.

**nu'tri ment**, food, nourishment.

**nymph** (nlmf), in ancient mythology a goddess living in the woods and fields; a young girl.

**ob'vi ous ly**, clearly, plainly.

**Oc'ci dent**, the west.

**of fen'sive**, the position of attacking party.

**of'fing**, the sea at some distance from the shore but within sight.

**O hain** (õ hăn').

**op'u lence**, wealth.

**Or'pheus** (õr füs), in ancient mythology a poet and musician of such skill that he could charm wild animals and even make stones and trees move.

**or'tho dox y**, the regular and approved belief.

**os'ten ta'tious**, showy.

**out ra'geous**, beyond the limits of reason; violent.

**pæ'an**, a hymn of joy or triumph.

**pall**, grow stale or tiresome.

**Pan'the on**, a building in ancient Rome dedicated to the gods.

**par a'dox**, an apparently contradictory statement.

**Par'ma cheen'e Belle**, the name of a brilliantly colored artificial fly used in fishing.

**pat'ine**, a metal plate.

**patri arch**, father and ruler of a family; a very old man.

**pe des'tri an**, a traveller on foot.

**per en'ni al**, continuing to live from year to year; most commonly applied to certain plants.

**per ni'cious**, harmful, wicked.

**per pet'u ate**, to keep alive forever.

**per sist'ent**, holding to one's purpose.

**pes'ti len'tial**, causing pestilence or disease; destructive.

**pet'ty ju'ry**, the jury of twelve men before which law suits are tried, as distinguished from the grand jury, which examines all persons accused of crimes and decides whether they shall be tried or not.

**pha'e ton**, a light, easy, four-wheeled carriage.

**Plin y** (plln'y), a celebrated Roman naturalist, killed at the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D.

**Plu'tus**, in ancient mythology, the god of riches.

**poach'ing**, hunting without permission on ground belonging to another.

poised, balanced in the air.

Poi tiers' (pwā'tyā'), a city in France, the scene of famous battles in 732 and 1356.

Po lyc'ra tes, celebrated ruler of Samos 536 to 522 B. C.; a patron of literature and art.

por ten'tous, indicating some future evil.

pos ter'i ty, succeeding generations.

prec'e dent, something done that serves as an example.

pre'cincts, neighborhood, region.

pre cip'i tous, very steep.

pre cise', exact.

pred'e ces sor, one who precedes or goes before.

pre des'tined, arranged beforehand.

pre dom'i nate, to have the chief strength or influence.

pref'er ence, regard for one thing more than another.

pre med'i tate, plan beforehand.

pre'mo ni'tion, a warning of coming events.

pre pos'ter ous ly, ridiculously, absurdly.

pre sage', foretell, predict.

pre sen'ti ment, a feeling of coming evil.

pre sume', take advantage of.

pre vail'ing, conquering; most common.

Pri'am, in Homer's *Iliad* and Vergil's *Æneid*, King of Troy.

pro duc'tive, giving results.

pro fu'sion, plenty, great supply.

pro gen'i tor, forefather.

pro jec'tile, something thrown, a missile.

pro phet'ic, telling of the future.

pro pi'tious, promising a favorable result.

pro sa'ic, dull, uninteresting.

pros'e cute, carry on; bring law suit against.

pros'e cu'tion, the making formal charges of wrongdoing before a law court.

psy'cho log'i cal mo'ment, just the right time.

pud'dling fur'nace, furnace for melting iron.

pul sa'tion, throb, vibration.

pun'gent, sharp, stinging.

purged, cleared of, purified.

Pur'i tan, one opposed to King Charles' party at the time of the Civil War in England.

qualm (kwām), prick or pang of conscience.

quar'ter ses'sions, quarterly meeting of the law courts to try cases.

quir'ing, singing as in a choir; an old-fashioned and poetic use.

rad'i cal ism, the state of being a radical, or a person with extreme opinions.

Ram'il lies (rá'mě'yě'), a village in Belgium, scene of a famous battle between the allied Dutch and English and the French in 1706.

ram'pired, surrounded with rampires or ramparts; old-fashioned and poetical.

Rance, a small stream near St. Malo, France.

rav'ish ment, delight.

re ac'tion, a returning to old ideas.

re'al i za'tion, knowledge or sense of.

re'flex ac'tion, action performed instantly without thought.

re gen'er a'tion, a complete making over.



**rep're hend'**, to blame.

**re'qui em** (rē'kwī ěm or rēk'kwī ěm),  
a mass or religious service for the  
repose of a departed soul.

**re sent'ment**, anger.

**res'o nant**, ringing, vibrating.

**ret'ro grade**, going backward.

**rho do'ra**, a plant found in parts of  
Canada and New England bearing  
delicate pink flowers.

**rood**, cross.

**rote**, repetition.

**Roz'i nan te**.

**ru'di ments**, elements, first principles.

**Run'ic**, related to or expressed by  
runes, the alphabetical characters  
used by the ancient Germanic  
peoples.

**Saint Ma'lo** (sǎn mǎ'lō), a seaport on  
the north-west coast of France.

**sal'u ta ry**, wholesome, helpful.

**San'cho Pan'za** (sǎn'kō pǎn'zǎ).

**san'guine**, red like blood.

**san'i ty**, balance of mind, clear-  
headedness.

**Sar'a cen**, a follower of Mohammed.

**sat'u rate**, to wet thoroughly.

**scot and lot**, formerly a tax levied in  
Great Britain according to people's  
ability to pay; now used as slang  
in the sense of debts of every  
sort.

**screed**, a document, a written or  
printed speech or article.

**sclu'ti nize**, to examine carefully.

**se'cre cy**, state of being secret or  
private.

**sen'si ble**, aware.

**se quoi'a**, a kind of tree that attains  
immense size, found in California.

**se ren'i ty**, calmness.

**Si er'ras**, a name applied to certain  
ranges of mountains in the western  
United States.

**sig'net ring**, a ring having a signet or  
seal.

**si'mo ny**, the buying or selling of ap-  
pointments in the church; religious  
bribery.

**sim'ple ton**, fool.

**'s' life**, a contraction of God's life; a  
mild bit of profanity.

**slov'en** (slōv'n), not neat in personal  
appearance.

**Soignes** (swōn yēē).

**so lem'ni ty**, ceremony, formal pro-  
ceeding.

**so'lic it**, to ask earnestly.

**Sol'i dor**, a small harbor near the  
mouth of the Rance.

**sol'i tude**, loneliness; a lonely place.

**som nam'bu list**, one who walks in  
his sleep.

**spa'cious**, roomy.

**spec'u la tive**, given to or relating to  
speculation or investigation.

**spin'net**, an old-fashioned musical in-  
strument from which the piano de-  
veloped.

**spleen**, ill humor.

**springs her luff**, sails closer to the  
wind.

**stac ca'to**, given in brief, pointed  
manner.

**Steph'a nō**.

**stint**, to restrain or limit.

**stock'ish**, stupid, unfeeling.

**strat'a gem**, trick.

**stroke of grace**, a blow given to a fish  
to kill him and prevent his suffer-  
ing a lingering death.

**stu pen'dous**, astonishing, wonderful.

- sub'ma rine'**, under the sea.  
**sub'tile** (süb'tíl), rare, delicate.  
**sul'len ness**, gloominess.  
**su'per cil'i ous**, proud, holding oneself above others.  
**sup press'**, keep back, conceal.  
**swain**, country fellow, young man; a poetical word.  
**swound** (swōōnd), fainting fit.  
**Syb'a ris**, an ancient city in Italy noted for its luxury and wealth.  
**tac'tu al**, relating to the sense of touch.  
**tak'en a back**, having the course checked by the wind's blowing the sails directly back against the mast.  
**tam'bour**, an embroidery frame.  
**tan'gi ble**, capable of being touched.  
**tar'get**, a small, round shield.  
**tar pau'lin**, a tar-covered canvas covering used on board ship.  
**tem'per a ment**, character, disposition.  
**test'er**, a canopy over a bed.  
**tes'ty**, fretful, easily irritated.  
**Teu ton'ic**, belonging or relating to the German race.  
**thews**, sinews, muscles.  
**This'be**.  
**thrall** (thról) slave.  
**to'tem-pole**, a pole decorated with totems, or symbols of some animal to which the family or tribe is supposed to be related.  
**tran'quil ly**, calmly, quietly.  
**treach'er ous**, not to be trusted.  
**trench'er**, a wooden dish on which food was served.  
**tres'pass**, to go unlawfully on the land of another.  
**trib'ute**, praise for services rendered; annual tax.
- trim**, to adjust.  
**troth**, truth.  
**tu mul'tu ous**, full of tumult, noise and movement.  
**tur'bu lent**, quarrelsome, disorderly.  
**ul'ti mate**, final, last.  
**un'di min'ished**, not lessened.  
**un par'al leled**, without a parallel, or similar case.  
**un per turbed'**, unmoved.  
**un'pre ten'tious**, simple, unassuming.  
**un'thrift**, worthless, foolish.  
**ush'er**, to lead or conduct, usually with some formality.  
**val'ance**, a curtain hanging from a bed or couch to the floor.  
**val'e tu'di na ry**, sickly.  
**val'iant ly**, bravely.  
**val'or**, bravery.  
**van'quish**, defeat.  
**vaunt**, boast.  
**ven'om**, poison from a bite as of a serpent.  
**Ven'us of Mi'lo**, a celebrated statue of the ancient Greek goddess Venus found on the island of Melos.  
**ver'meil-white**, red and white.  
**ves'per**, evening.  
**vest'ure**, clothing.  
**vi ca'ri ous**, done in place of another.  
**vin dic'tive ness**, hatred.  
**vi ril'i ty**, manly strength.  
**vir'tu ous ly**, rightly, purely.  
**vi'tal**, necessary to life or health; of first importance.  
**vive l'Empereur** (vēv'lōm pē rēr'), long live the Emperor.  
**vo lu'mi nous ly**, very fully or completely.  
**vo lup'tu ous**, giving pleasure to the senses.

**vouch safe'**, grant, assure.

**Wa chu'sett**, a mountain in central Massachusetts.

**Wal ku're**, Val kyr'ie, in Norse mythology a kind of maiden goddess who hovered over the field of battle, chose those who were to be killed, and conducted the worthy ones to Valhalla, the home of the gods.

**wan'ton ly**, mischievously, wickedly.

**Wa'thier'** (wä'tl ä').

**wax**, to grow, become.

**weath'er**, in sailor's language the side next the wind.

**wild'ing**, a poetical form of wild.

**Wol'sey** (woöl'zl), the great English cardinal and minister of King Henry VIII.

**Wo'tan**, the chief of the gods in Scandinavian mythology.

**Yn'i ol** (ŷn'í ôl).

**Yo sem'i te**, a famous valley in eastern California remarkable for its wild and magnificent scenery.

**Yule**, Christmas.

**Zounds** (a contraction of *God's wounds*), an old-fashioned oath.







